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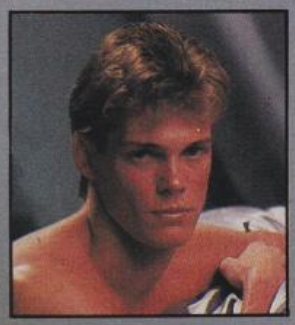

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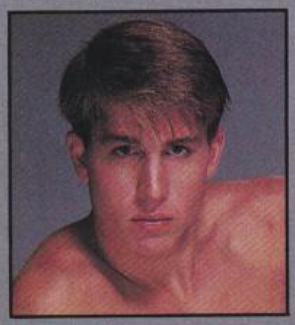

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HONCHO

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STAFF

PUBLISHER / GEORGE MAVETY
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT / JOE GRECO
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF / BILL BAUMER
EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR / D. CONIGLIO
ASSOCIATE EDITOR / STEPHEN DAMBACH
CIRCULATION MANAGER / ROBERT DE LA HABA

D.B.A., Inc.
7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109/119
West Hollywood, Ca. 90046
(213) 969-8034

Advertising Director, New York Office:
Allen Stone (212) 691-7700

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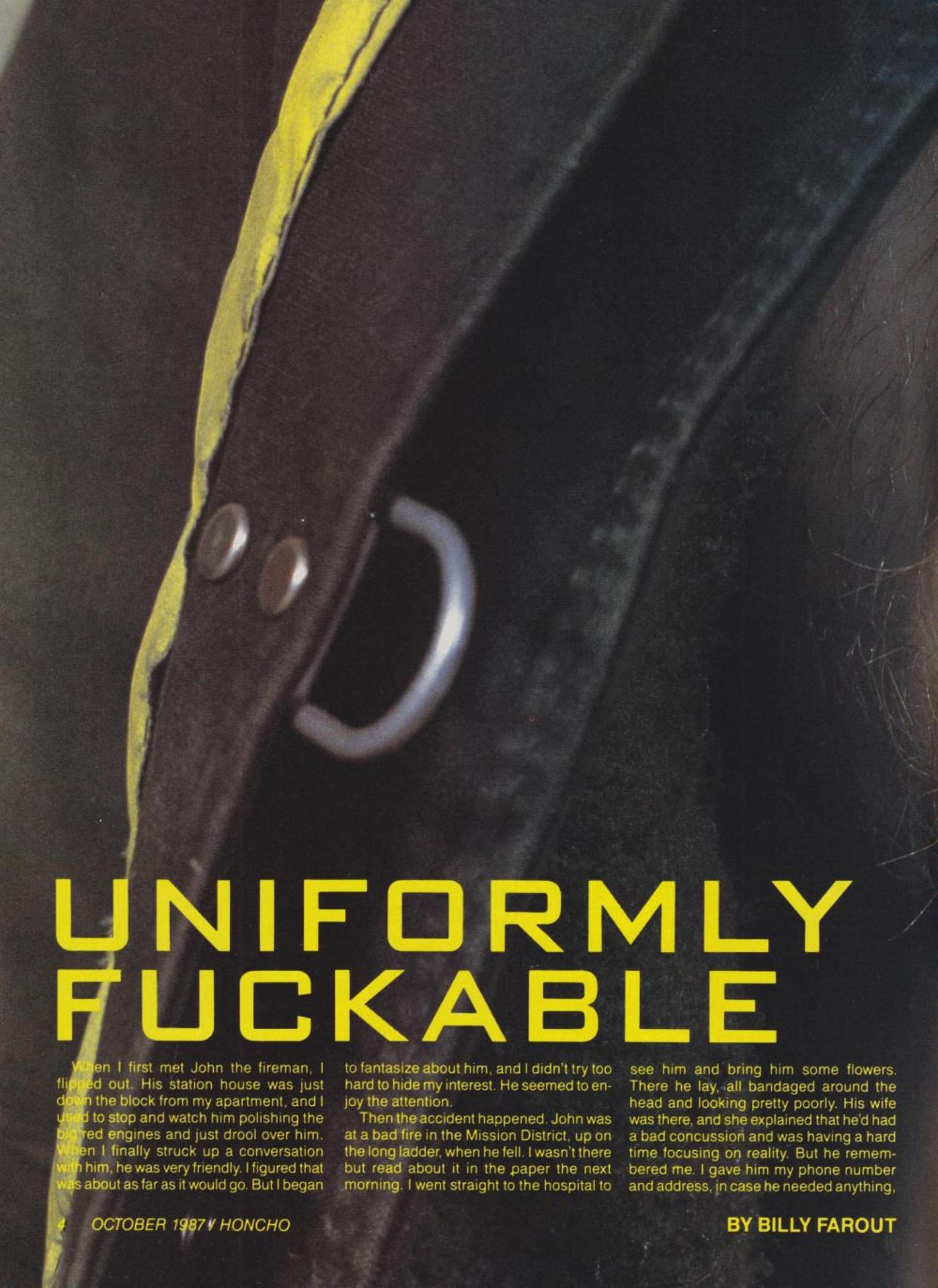


UNIFORMLY FUCKABLE

When I first met John the fireman, I flipped out. His station house was just down the block from my apartment, and I used to stop and watch him polishing the big red engines and just drool over him. When I finally struck up a conversation with him, he was very friendly. I figured that was about as far as it would go. But I began to fantasize about him, and I didn't try too hard to hide my interest. He seemed to enjoy the attention.

Then the accident happened. John was at a bad fire in the Mission District, up on the long ladder, when he fell. I wasn't there but read about it in the paper the next morning. I went straight to the hospital to see him and bring him some flowers. There he lay, all bandaged around the head and looking pretty poorly. His wife was there, and she explained that he'd had a bad concussion and was having a hard time focusing on reality. But he remembered me. I gave him my phone number and address, in case he needed anything.

BY BILLY FAROUT

PHOTO BY MALEXPRESS

and figured that was that.

Imagine my surprise when about a month later my phone rang and it was John. He said he wanted to see me, said he was on a medical leave and bored to shit and felt like taking a long drive in the country. I told him that sounded like a great idea and that I had a car and would be glad to do the driving. We made a date for Tuesday, my day off. Believe me, I was right on time.

John and I drove out along the coast highway down through Pacifica to the nude beach. He talked a lot, about his life, how he became a fireman, his wife, normal things. But sometimes he'd lose his train of thought. I would see his eyes glaze over slightly and then he'd be talking about something else entirely. He was so charming and so fucking handsome I didn't mind. I let him ramble on and on, enjoying his hard-jawed face and the stubble of beard he'd let grow over it. His lips were full and sensuous; his eyes were green and moved quickly.

I wanted to see his body.

I pulled up into the parking lot and we walked down to the beach. We laid out my blanket and took off all our clothes. God, what a body he had! It was a natural body, big, strong, but without that weightlifter disproportion that turns me off. He had a big dick and a flat stomach and all, but it was when John rolled over on his belly that I saw his finest attribute: his glorious Australian ass!

I got out my coconut oil and we put lotion on each other. When I was doing his strong legs, I let my hand swing up higher and higher, closer and closer to that big, rounded ass of his. When I finally got my nerve up, I rubbed my hand all over his cheeks. His only reaction was to sigh a little and raise his ass up in the air.

I began rubbing with both hands, putting enough pressure on those big cheeks to push them apart and glimpse the little brown bud of his asshole. I got a raging hard-on and finally just lowered my face right into his crack and started sucking. He spread his legs and let me really get in there and clean him out good. I got right up over his back and put some lotion on my dick and slid it right up his ass and fucked him there on the beach. I kicked his legs apart and just pumped the fucking shit out of him. He loved it. That's how it all began.

John told me he knew I was gay when he first met me and decided someday he wanted to try it. He wanted to know everything guys did with each other, so I described the whole scene to him. When I was driving him home, he leaned over, pulled my dick out of my pants, slid down on it, and started to suck me off. I could tell it was new to him by the way he sucked—slow, wet, and without much head movement. He seemed to like nursing on my

PHOTO BY CITYBOY

dick like a baby lamb, and that was such a fucking turn-on I shot my load. He swallowed it and continued to nurse.

Finally he came up for air and started describing exactly how my cum tasted, how it felt when it hit the back of his throat, and how my cock pulsed and pulsed inside his mouth until it had finally finished coming. Then he described how he let the thick cum swirl around on his tongue before he swallowed it. By the time he'd finished, I was hard again.

When he came back up to a sitting position, his eyes lit up and he suddenly told me to pull off the freeway at the next exit. By now it was getting dark. I was ready for anything. John had decided that he wasn't ready to go home yet because he was horny and wanted to experiment, and that was just fine with me.

He directed us to a drive-in movie, and the minute we were through the gate he went back down to my still-open Levi's and began that slow, sweet nursing on my semi-hard prick. I found us a spot that I thought would be pretty private and pulled up to the speaker. The whole time John kept up his mind-boggling sucking, wet and slow and eager for any cum I might shoot his way.

While I was getting the speaker hooked up to my window, John wasted no time shedding all his clothes. Naked beside me, he crouched up on the seat and extended that big, hard ass of his in my direction. I looked around quickly to make sure no one could see into the car and then leaned over and started licking out his asshole. As he moaned with pleasure and wiggled his ass back and forth, I thought to myself, "Yeah, you like this, don't you, baby? Well, just wait till the tables are turned." He had me so horny I could hardly stand it. I really got in there and slurped his ass out good.

Suddenly John twisted around in his seat and climbed out of the car, stark naked. He pulled up his seat and climbed into the back, then started coaxing me to join him, getting on his hands and knees and wagging his ass back and forth in invitation. I pushed my ready-to-burst prick back into my Levi's and climbed out my door and into the back seat. Crowded as it was back there, John leaned forward, and I managed somehow to get up behind him, pull my stiff dick out of my pants, and shove in all the way to the hilt. Then I began fucking him so hard that my little Honda rocked back and forth from side to side. We fucked like that till steam filled up all the windows.

John pushed the passenger seat forward enough to spread himself out for me, one knee on the floor, his arms akimbo over the front seat, so that I was really able to get some heavy pounding going. Soon I was ready to come. I wanted to keep the wild action going on forever, but I lost all control. My cum pumped into John's eager ass, and he kept pushing back harder and harder against my shooting dick, trying to get the cum up inside him as far as it would go.

At last my cock popped out of John's asshole, and I fell into the back seat, exhausted. John slowly climbed around and got down on his knees between my legs, and once again his mouth dropped over my dick, nursing on it and cleaning it and nursing on it to the point of madness.

We stayed like that for a long time, until finally John looked up at me with those wild, crazy eyes of his. His hair was wet and matted from all the sweating and fucking. "I know where we can go," he taunted.

I shrugged. In the condition I was in, I would have gone anywhere and done anything with John. I pushed my dick back in my pants and tried to button them over the tremendous hard-on I was still sporting. I opened the door on my side and climbed out of the car. John climbed out of the back seat, still completely naked, and danced around in the moonlight.

"John!" I whispered harshly, fearing we'd be busted any minute, but he kept dancing around in circles, oblivious to the world. I climbed back in the driver's seat and managed to coax him back inside.

"Let's go," he said, shivering a little in the cool night air.

I put the speaker back, rolled up my window, and started the engine. We drove away slowly, and I never did find out what picture had been playing. I drove back out onto the road and headed south at John's direction. Once he was warm again, he leaned over in his seat and placed his handsome face in my lap. He just sniffed at my crotch until I felt my cock grow hard. He undid my button fly and, once again, started that slow, sensuous nursing on my prick.

Even with his face buried in my crotch, he seemed to know exactly where we were. He came up for air and looked around. "There," he said, pointing to a wide dirt road that turned off the highway. "Drive down there."

I pulled off the main road and bumped over the ruts and gulleys of the dirt road. John pointed to the right and I followed where he directed. Large mounds of garbage, wrecked autos, and debris began to appear, and I realized we were in the city dump.

John's clothes and shoes were in a small pile between his big, muscular legs. I could see in his eyes how exciting and new the whole experience was, and I relished sharing it with him. Man-to-man sex seemed to make him crazy as a cat on catnip, and I loved every minute of it. When we got to a spot I figured would be safe and hidden, I pulled the Honda to a stop. I released the lever on the seat, letting it fall back, and told John to do the same with his. We fell back side by side, turned to face each other, and joined our mouths in a wet and lingering kiss.

I wanted to do everything with John, to find out just how far he was willing to go with his "experimentation." I broke away from the tender kissing and pushed his head back down on my dick. He sucked it in and a little moan escaped his throat. I

I got out my coconut oil and began putting the lotion on John, the fireman. When I was doing his strong legs, I let my hand swing higher and higher, closer and closer to that big, rounded ass of his. When I finally got my nerve up, I rubbed my hand all over his cheeks. His only reaction was to sigh a little and raise his ass up in the air. I got a raging hard-on and finally just lowered my face into his crack and started sucking.

twisted his blond hair in my fingers and pushed his head down harder and harder on my dick. He went wild and started sucking me like crazy.

I started telling John what to do, and with each direction he seemed to get wilder and wilder. I told him to pull my pants down and untie my shoes. Without ever taking his mouth off my swollen prick, he managed to get both my sneakers off and pull my Levi's over my ankles until I too was naked, from the waist down.

"Suck my balls," I commanded, and John went down on them, sucking each big globe into his willing mouth. My balls are big, but I kept telling John to get them both inside his mouth at the same time. He tried, stretching his lips out around them, finally using his fingers to push my second ball inside with the other one. I went wild. I grabbed my dick, still wet and slimy with John's saliva, and pumped it up and down.

From that position, I pushed my right leg up and over John's back and spread my legs wide so he could really get in there and give my balls a good sucking. I knew damned well I had him now, and I began to pull my legs up until my gym socks were pressed against the ceiling of the car. I pushed my hands back into John's hair and grabbed hold. With a firm push, I began to force his face closer and closer to my asshole. He seemed to know exactly what I was doing, and I felt him trying to resist, but I wouldn't let him get away with it.

"You're gonna suck my fucking asshole," I shouted at him. "Suck that fucking asshole!"

With that I pushed his mouth right down between my spread legs and lined it up against my tingling hole. I felt his tongue take a tentative sampling and then with the taste of ass on his tongue he seemed to go completely wild. He reached up and separated my cheeks and really forced his tongue up inside me. That crazy fireman sucked me out like mad, pushing his hands against the back of my legs to try and wrench them farther apart, to raise them even higher in the air. He sucked my ass until I shot my load.

I eased my legs down slowly alongside John's shoulders, and he dropped his face onto my stomach and lapped up all my cum. Finally he looked up at me and smiled. "You're pretty fucking wild tonight," he said.

"So are you."

"I loved sucking your asshole. I want to do it some more."

"Don't worry, babe. Let me rest for a few minutes and you can have at it again."

"No," he said, "I want it now."

He took my right leg and pushed it up over my left leg, twisting my ass around toward his face. In that position he crouched down behind me and ran his tongue across my wet hole, holding my right leg up and out of his way so he could really get in under me and eat me out. All those years of sucking pussy had prepared him well for sucking ass. I closed my eyes and let the pleasure overwhelm me. Soon I was completely hard again.

I reached around and grabbed a whole handful of John's hair. "All right, asshole, you're really going to get it now," I shouted. I leaned around and opened the car door. "Come on, we're getting outside."

John followed me like a dog, and I forced him to the ground and made him lie flat on his back. I straddled his body, bent at the waist, and slowly lowered my ass onto his eager mouth.

"Sit on my fucking face," John shouted up at me.

I came down lightly until I felt his hands grab my ass and pull my cheeks apart. Then I sat down with my full weight on his probing tongue and moved my ass around to get more action. I grabbed one of his hard nipples and squeezed it for all that it was worth, and he made a muffled noise and seemed to get even wilder. I pinched his other nipple, then gave them both a strong tugging, and John pulled my hips down harder on his face. He raised and lowered me rapidly, indicating that he wanted me to give his mouth and tongue a really good riding with my asshole. I dug my heels into the soft dirt and pretended I was riding my horse into the hills of my father's farm.

The pressure in my asshole made my prick fill up with piss, which squirted out all over John. I covered his whole body—his legs, his hard-on, his chest. It was incredible pissing on this fucking fireman that I had been so hot for for so long, this man I now thought of as my whore. The more I used John the more he seemed to love it.

Suddenly all I could see was the bright beam of a flashlight shining in my eyes. I leapt to my feet and prepared to fight. Then I saw the glint of a badge in the darkness, and my heart sank.

"What the fuck is going on here!" a gruff voice barked from behind the flashlight.

John rolled over and sprang up onto his knees. The officer stood closer, shining his flashlight down at John and then back at me.

"You guys must be fucking crazy!"

He stepped closer, and we could see that he was a highway patrolman in full uniform, right up to the white helmet. I could see in the moonlight that he was handsome, that he had dark hair and a thick moustache and a large Navy tattoo on his hairy forearm.

He just stood there shaking his head. "What were you trying to do—shit in his mouth?" With that he let out a laugh.

I looked at his crotch and saw his hard-on pressing against his gray uniform slacks.

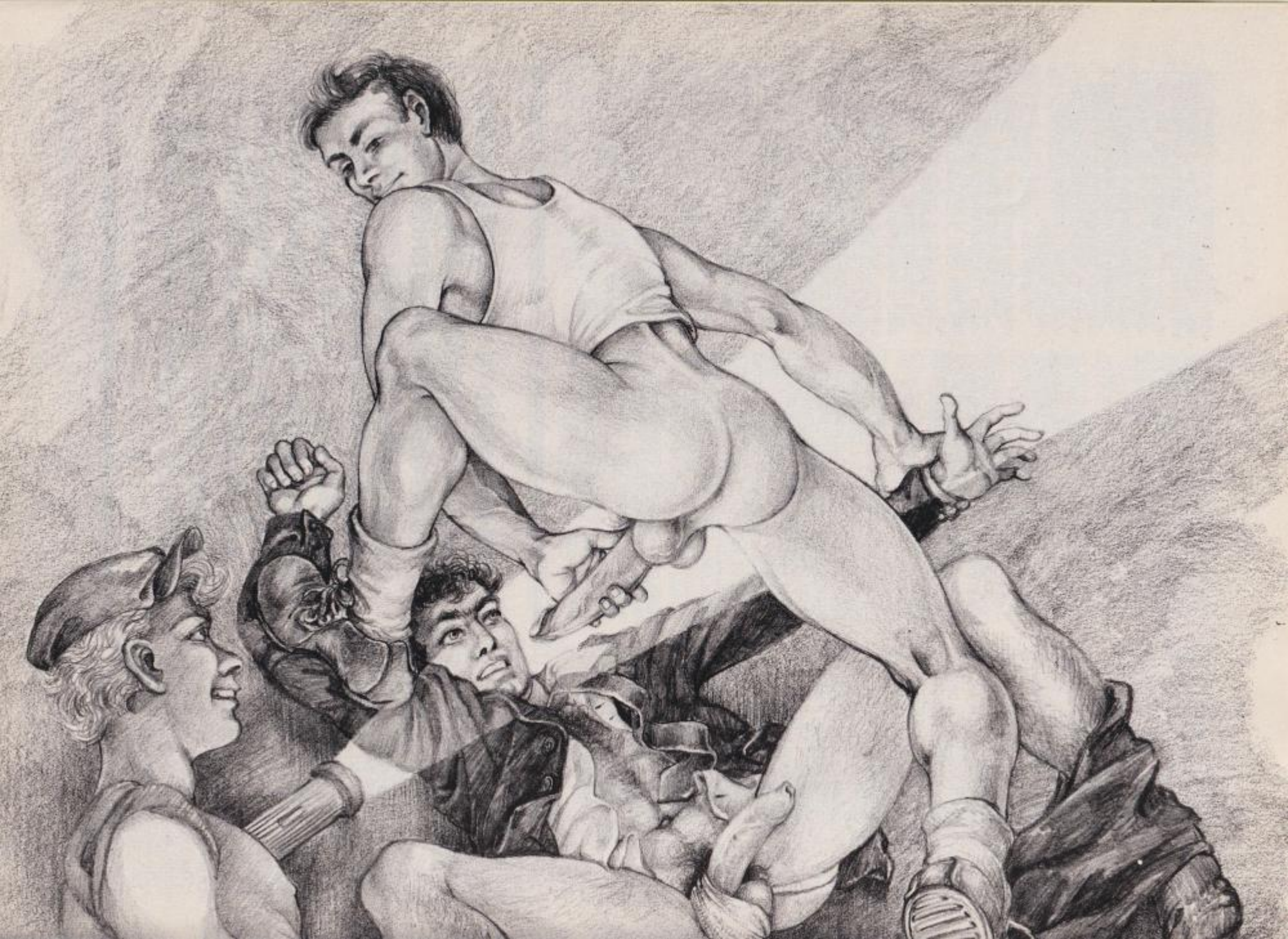
"You two guys know each other, or did you just meet at some fag bar?" he demanded.

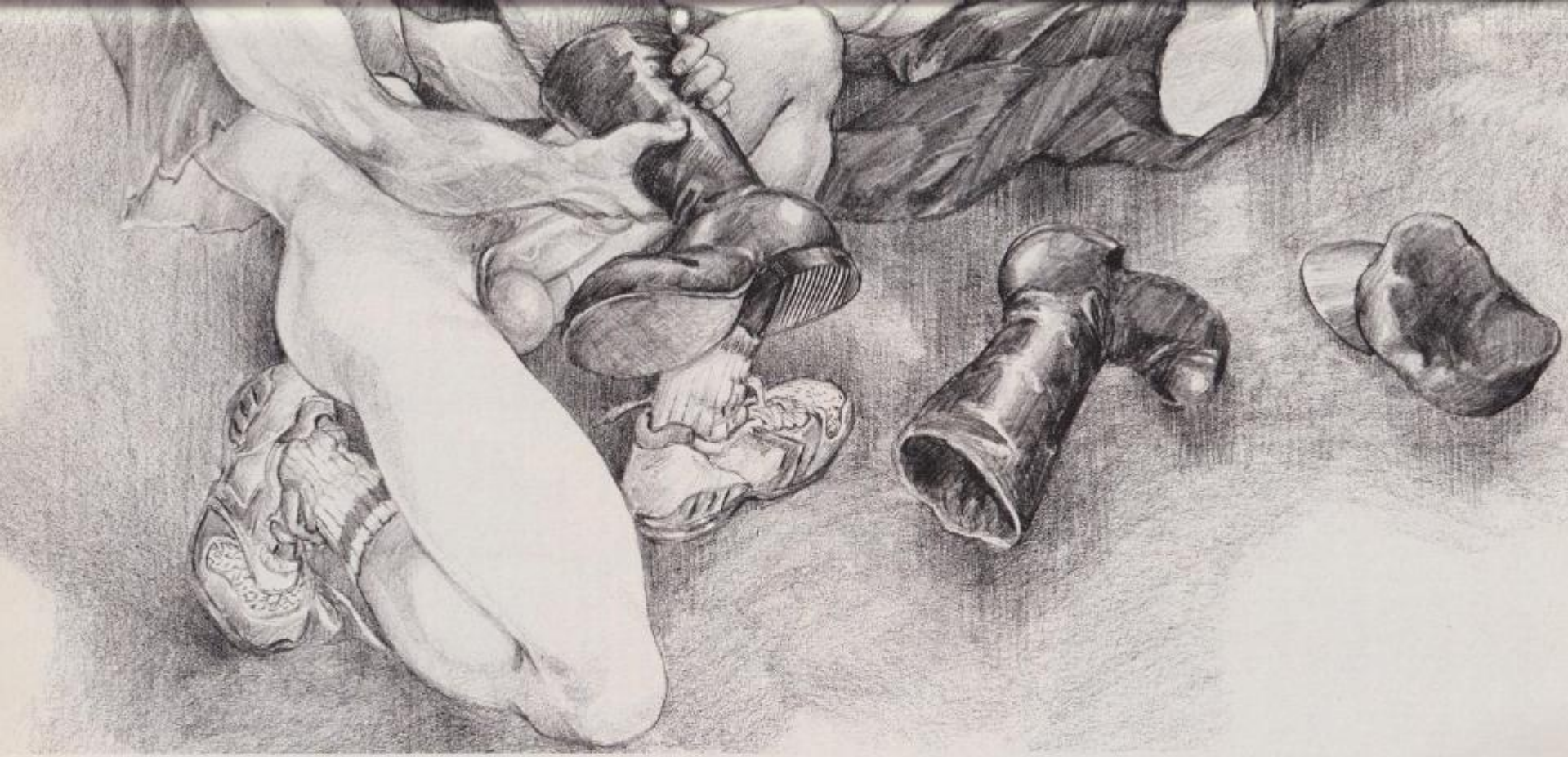
"We know each other," I said. "Just getting to know each other a little better."

The officer's hand brushed against his crotch, pushing his meat around to free it up a little. I smiled.

Continued to page 28

"John," I said. "I want you to show the officer your special talent." John looked up and smiled and slid his tongue across his lips. I took the policeman's zipper in my fingers, pulled it down, and reached in through his trousers to release his fat, uncut dick. John's mouth dropped open in anticipation as the officer stepped forward, preparing to feed John his boner an inch at a time.





GOING DOWN. . . UNDERGROUND

BY ROBIN ALLAN TUCK • ART BY EDDIE CERVONE

I made sure that no one was looking. Then I lifted the heavy metal door in the pavement and disappeared underground. Late afternoons, the cruising was usually pretty good in the underground system of tunnels and emergency escape hatches that the Bay Area Rapid Transit District had installed under the sidewalks of San Francisco. As I started down the ladder, my cock shifted against my leather cock ring in anticipation of the action to come.

I had been cruising the BART catacombs for about six months, along with about a hundred and fifty other men who frequented them on a more or less regular basis. The cops hadn't figured out what was going on yet, and I never told anybody about the catacombs that I wouldn't want to make it with. It was usually so dark that you could barely see whose dick you had in your mouth or up your ass, but I never ran into anybody "down under" who wasn't hot and horny. Some guys virtually lived there; they called themselves BARTmen, and they wore BART tickets in their leather caps or in the brim of their cowboy hats. That looked pretty ridiculous, but it served its purpose as a signal to other BARTmen.

They met beneath the streets of San Francisco, in the labyrinth of tunnels and escape hatches where the subway trains run. The cops had no idea of what was happening beneath their feet because the "BARTmen" liked to keep their special place a secret.

An oncoming rush of wind told me that a train was headed in my direction. I stepped back against the wall and felt for the door that led from the eastbound to the westbound tunnel. I found the handle and turned it just as the headlight of the train caught me darting into the unlit passageway. The door slammed shut behind me and the train thundered by.

After the noise had faded, I realized that I wasn't alone in the passageway. The unmistakable sound of man-sex made my already hardening cock strain even harder against the leather ring around my cock and balls. I got a cigarette lighter out of my pocket, lit a cigarette, and peered into the shadows at the two guys going at it.

The shorter of the two men I recognized as my ex-roommate, Mike. We had lived together off and on for a lot of years, having first met back in 1975 when we both got pickpocketed at Mr. B's Ballroom on Sixth Street. We went home together and took consolation for our lost wallets in a night of raucous sex. Two months later Mike moved in with me.

Mike was a year older than me, but he looked and acted several years younger, and I mean that as a compliment. He had terrific energy and a great build from his regular workouts at a gym—back before working out was so fashionable—and he persuaded me to join. As a result, I was soon in tiptop shape, too.

We tried the lover bit for a while, but both of us were too interested in finding hot numbers to make a go of monogamy, so we became good friends and desperation fuck buddies. Actually Mike was and is my *best* friend, and we've always had similar tastes in men. Mike worked as a telephone repairman for years, but after the phone company was split up he no longer had much to do. These days he spends the better part of every day getting his ass pounded or his sizable dick worked on by fellow BARTmen.

His current partner was really hot—tall, about six-foot-two, with short brown hair, a thick moustache, and big, chiseled pecs. With his shirt unbuttoned and his jeans down around his knees, he was pounding Mike's ass with what looked like a good eight inches of juicy meat.

Mike was pulling on his dick and every once in a while spitting on his hand. I knew he wouldn't mind if I helped him out a little, so I knelt in front of him and took his seven-incher down my throat with a loud gulp.

"Make it tight, man," Mike's partner panted. "I'm gonna pop now. Oh, shit, here I come!"

Mike's an expert with his sphincter, so I knew he was squeezing his ass tight just like the guy had asked. At the same time, he started unloading down my throat. I reached down and tried to unbutton my Levi's, but Mike kept on fucking my face so hard that I couldn't hold my grip.

"What are you trying to do, asshole, come again?" I finally said.

"Nick, is that you?" Mike panted. "I thought that blow-job felt familiar."

He pulled his slimy cock out of my face, and at last I was able to free my meat. Still on my knees, I started pumping myself, when all of a sudden a fresh dick was shoved in my face—well, not exactly fresh.

"You can clean it off if you want," said the number who had been pounding Mike's ass.

I'm a sucker for a huge dick. I started licking this number's equipment real slow. I could tell it was still sensitive from the righteous fucking it had just given Mike, so I gave it a little time. Then I really started working it, which made the dude moan and squirm. Soon his cock was getting hard again.

All of a sudden the door at the end of the passageway opened, and a dark figure entered carrying a lit flashlight. As the passageway door slammed shut behind him I caught a glimpse of the holstered gun at his side. His uniform was unfamiliar, so I knew he wasn't one of San Francisco's finest. But then I remembered where we were: BART. He was a BART cop.

I still had the tall dude's meat in my mouth, and he was getting close again. I was pulling on my dick, while Mike had moved around and was toying with his friend's ass.

"Okay, you cocksuckers," the cop bellowed, "knock it off and stand up! You're under arrest for trespassing and lewd conduct."

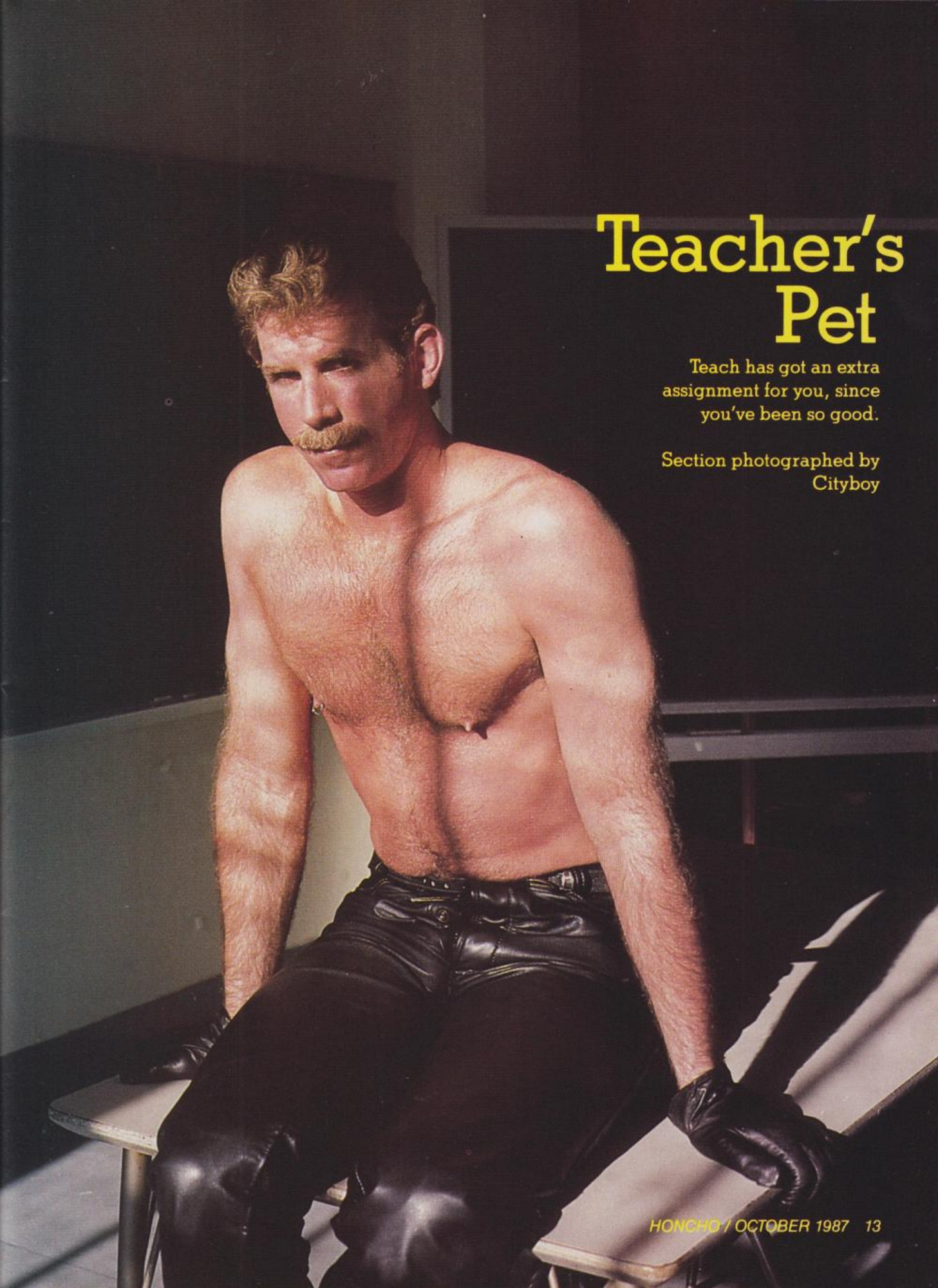
Mike stood and pulled his pants up about halfway, and the cop shined his light in Mike's face, then on Mike's still-hard-and-getting-harder dick.

"Whadda we got here, a fairy fuck den? Up against the wall, assholes! And get out some ID. Now!"

I stood up and started toward the wall, my Levi's still at my ankles, my dick still hard. What a scene! Here I was in an underground passageway with two other nearly naked men and a BART cop with his flashlight trained on my ex-roommate's

Continued to page 21

Some guys virtually lived underground; they wore BART tickets in their leather caps or in the brim of their cowboy hats. You had to have something special to gain admission to this club!



Teacher's Pet

Teach has got an extra assignment for you, since you've been so good.

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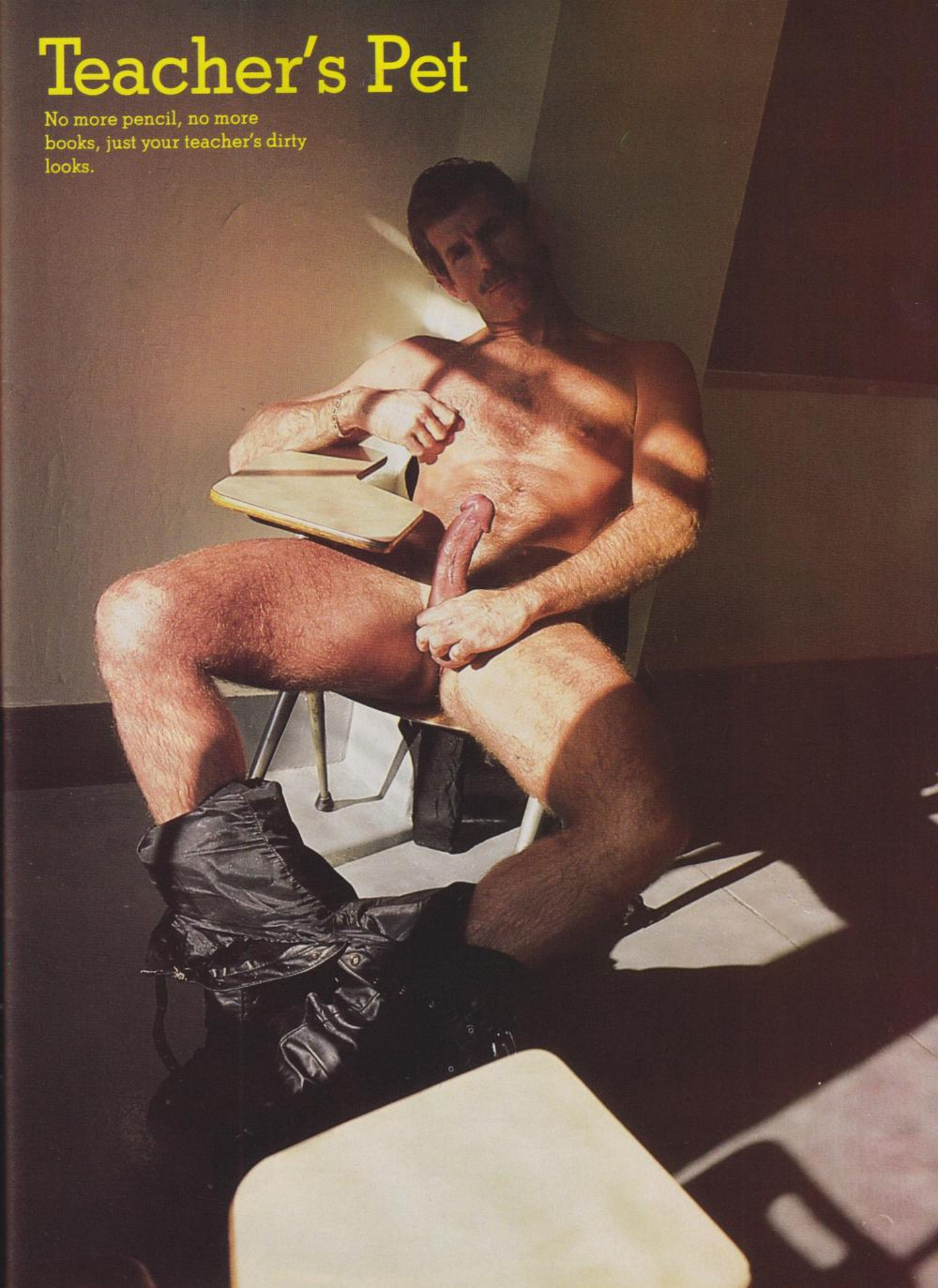
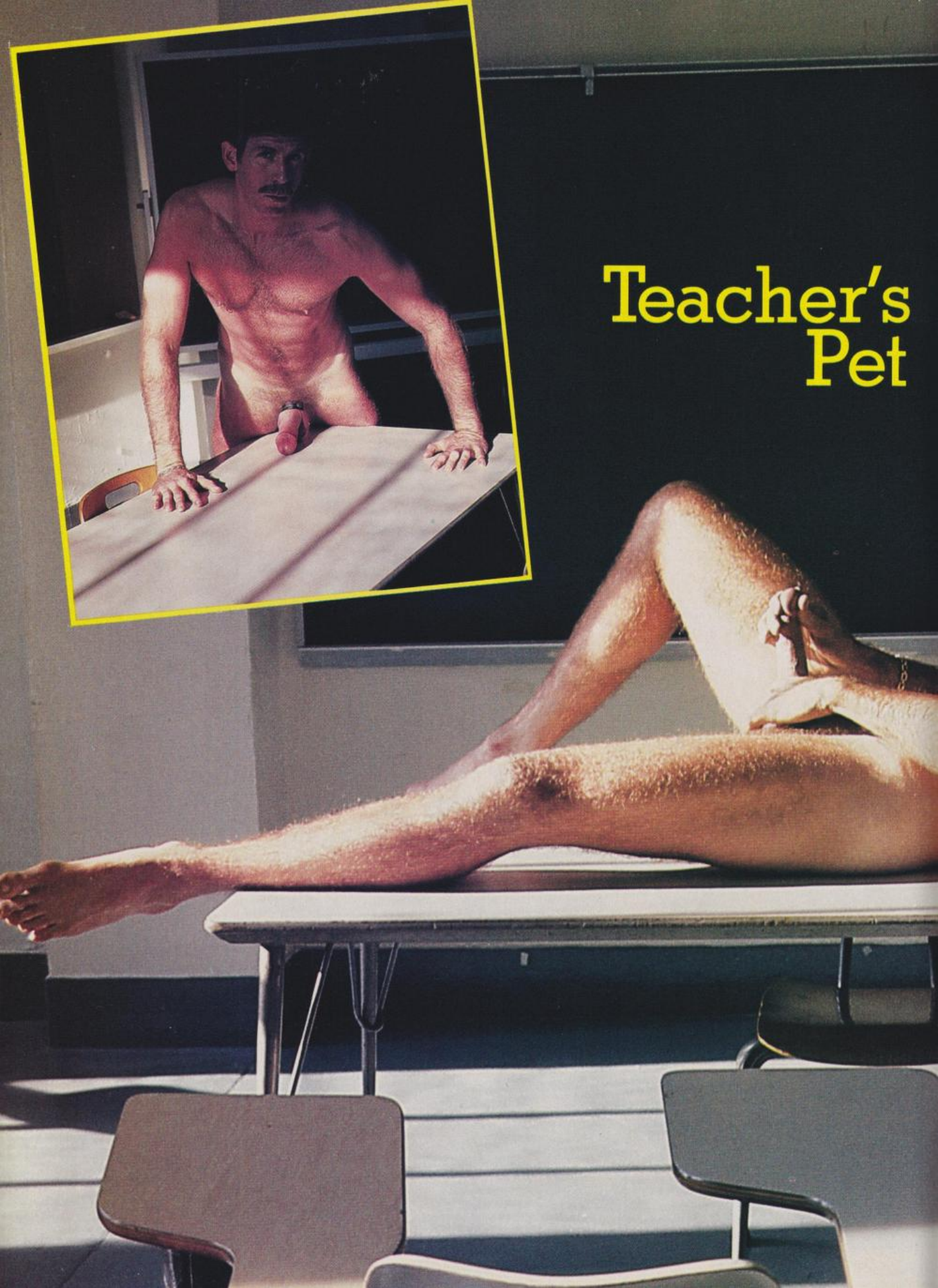
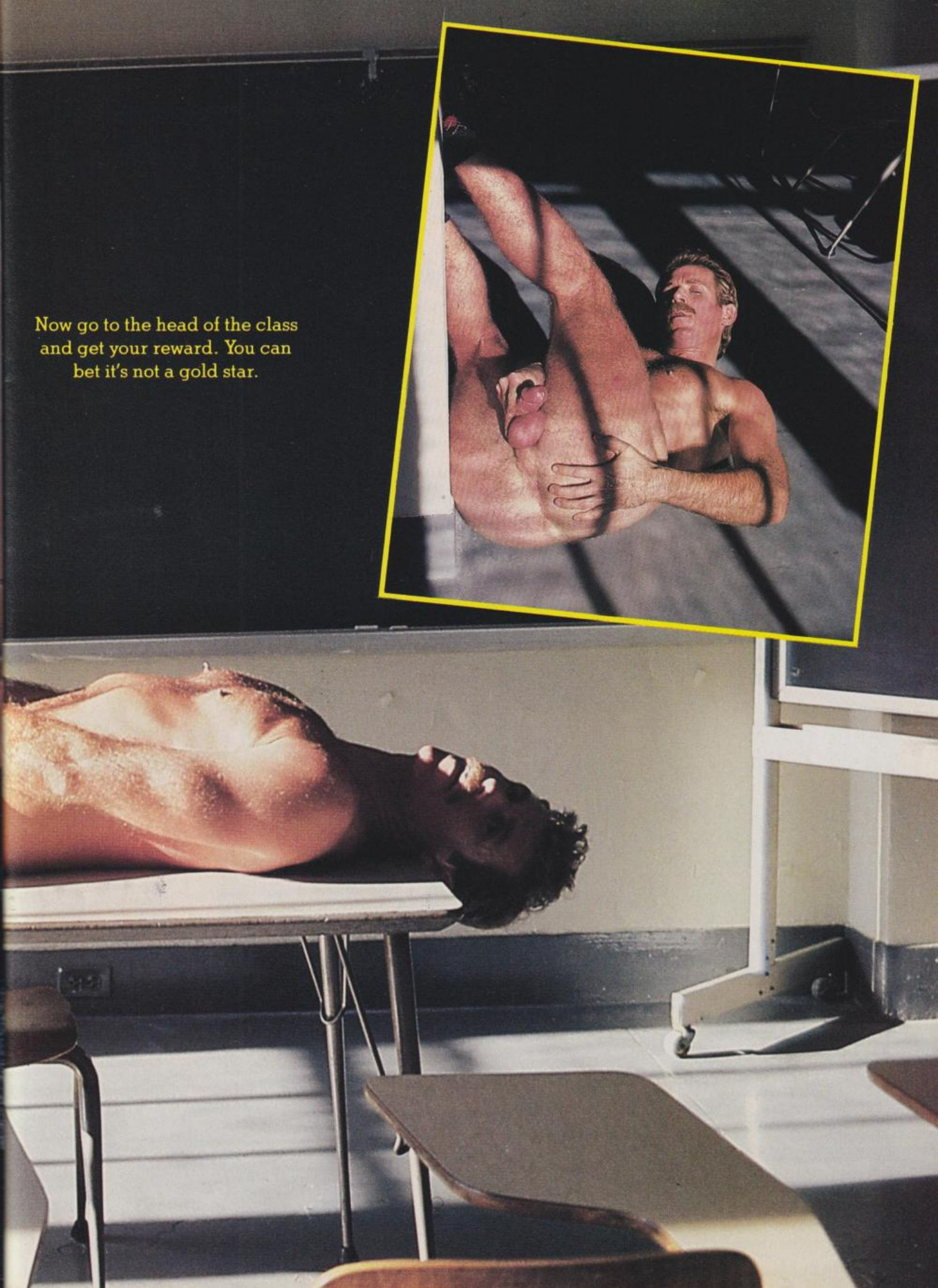
Teacher's Pet

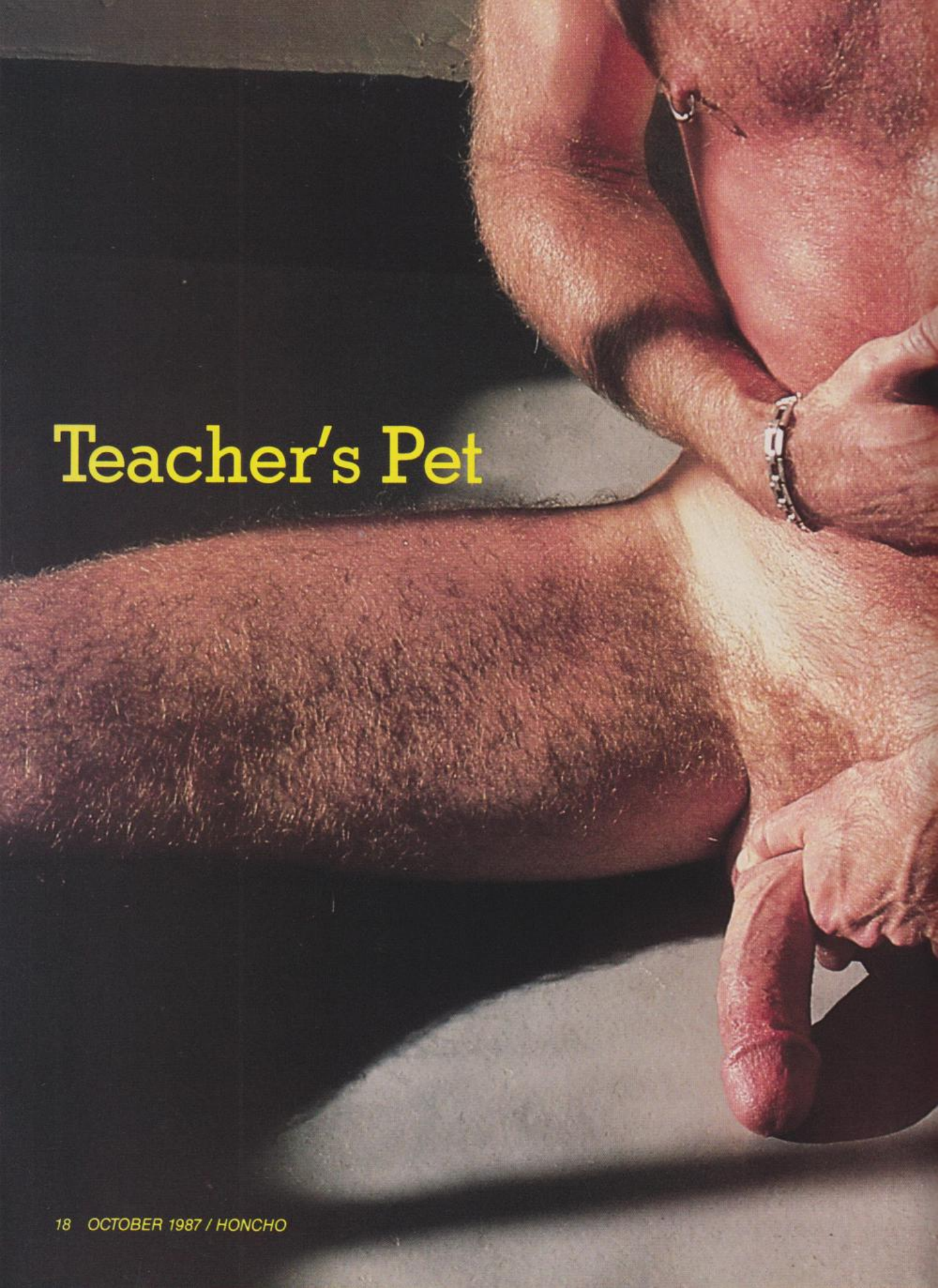
No more pencil, no more books, just your teacher's dirty looks.



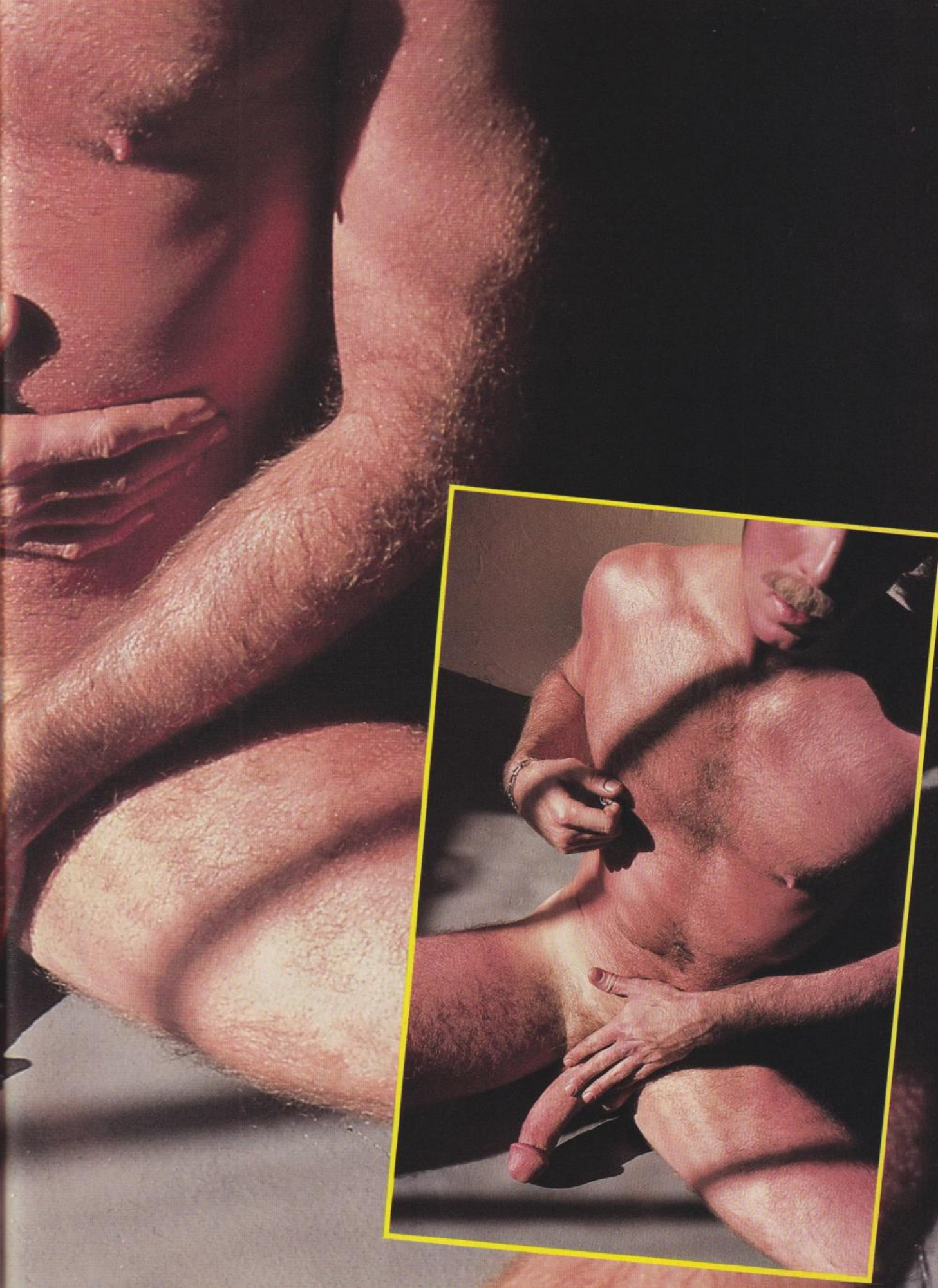

Teacher's
Pet

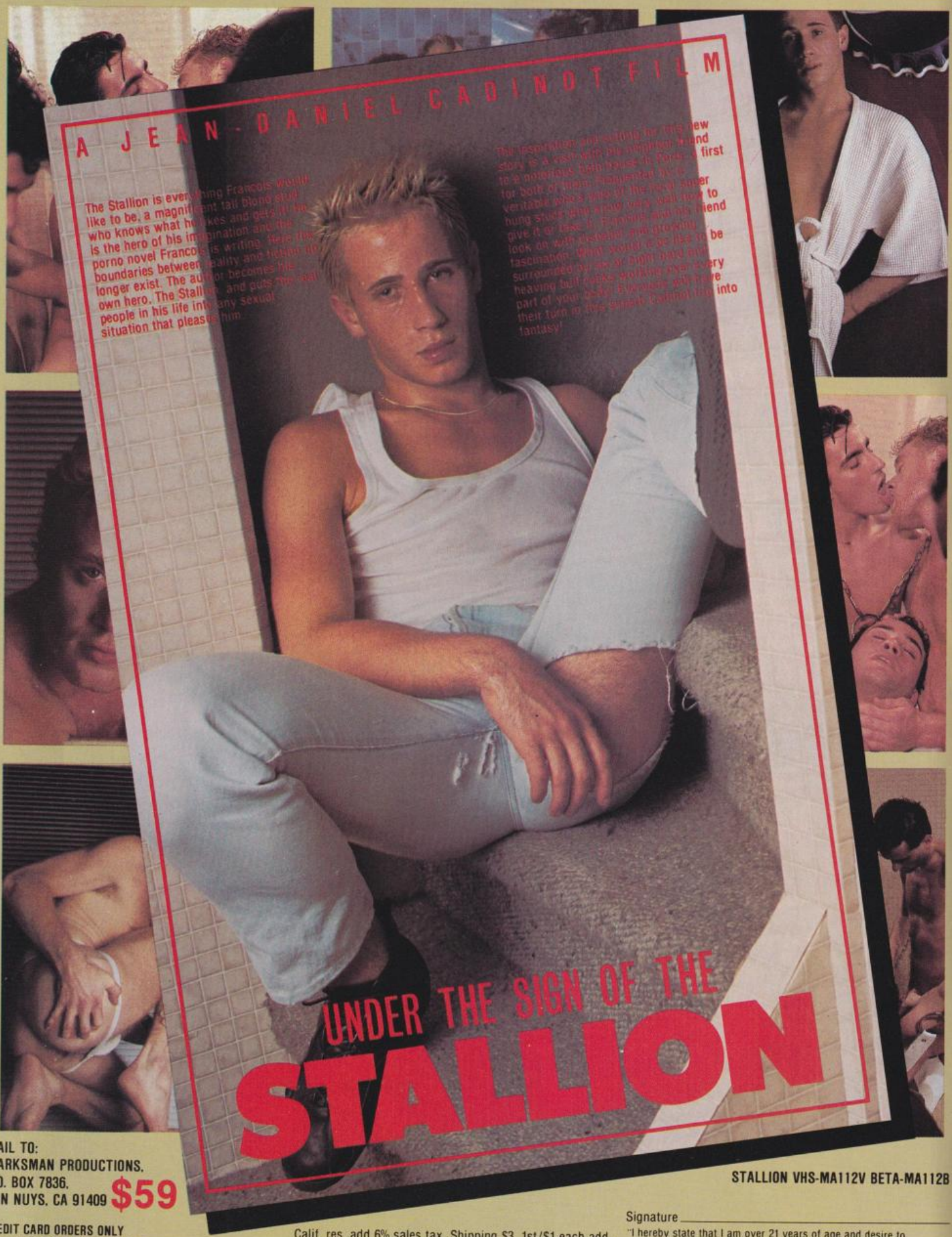
Now go to the head of the class and get your reward. You can bet it's not a gold star.





Teacher's Pet





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All of a sudden the door at the end of the passageway opened, and a dark figure carrying a flashlight entered. As the passageway door slammed shut behind him I caught a glimpse of the holstered gun at his side. "Okay, you cocksuckers," he yelled, "knock it off and stand up! You're under arrest for lewd conduct." Oh, shit, I thought to myself, I'm going to get nabbed by a cop!

Going Down...Underground

Continued from page 12

dick. Just before I reached the wall, I tripped on my pants leg and fell forward, skinning my elbow.

"Are you okay?" the cop asked, his voice abruptly softening. In helping me stand up, he accidentally brushed my dick. "Excuse me," he said, and then just stood there blankly staring at us.

That was all it took for me. Skinned elbow or no, I couldn't hold back the laughter. Mike looked at me, then at the cop, then added his laughter to mine. The cop looked flustered, but he still had the gun. Then it dawned on me that there was no badge on his blue uniform. The growing bulge in his pants was further evidence that there was something bogus about the guy. But why spoil a man's fantasy? And why risk making anybody angry who's armed with a revolver?

"Here's my ID," I said, pulling my pants up and taking out my wallet. I gave him my driver's license.

"So, Nick," he said, the officiousness returning to his voice as he looked over my license, "do you always fuck in the BART tunnels? I've never caught you down here before, have I? I think I'd remember your ass if I'd seen it before."

He handed my ID back to me, and Mike's friend handed over his.

"And how about you, Paul?" asked the man in badgeless blue, reading the tall guy's name from the ID. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Why don't you just walk outa here and forget us?" Paul replied impatiently. "We weren't hurting anybody or destroying BART property or anything. Jesus, give us a break and go catch a criminal or something."

The man in the cop's uniform shined his light on Paul and said nothing.

"May I see your badge, sir?" I asked with exaggerated politeness.

I caught a glint of panic in our captor's eye. He started to say something, then turned his light toward the door and took off. I ran after him and tackled him just as he was reaching for the knob. His flashlight clanged to the floor and went out, but when I kicked it, it came back on. I grabbed the gun and confirmed what I'd begun to suspect: it was plastic. I handed it to Mike, who passed it to Paul. As we turned back toward the guy on the floor, the three of us were grinning from ear to ear.

"Get his boots off, Paul," said Mike.

While Paul went about removing the guy's boots, I managed to get his handcuffs loose from the cuff holster and clamp them around his wrists. Mike was now sitting on the guy's chest, his hard dick waving over the guy's chest.

"Suck it, asshole," Mike ordered. "Eat my dick, you faker."

Without the slightest hesitation, the guy started tonguing Mike's fat dick with great enthusiasm.

"Hey, look at this. The guy's a cocksucking pro!"

With that, Mike reached around for the guy's dick, while Paul and I pulled off his uniform pants and ground his jockstrapped ass into the cement. The tip of his hard, uncut meat was poking out above the pouch, and Mike worked his hand under the jockstrap while the curly-haired, Italian-looking, fake cop continued working on Mike's meat. Paul and I raised the guy's legs so we could have better access to his ass and balls.

"My turn, guys," I said, as I felt for the guy's butthole and stuck a dry finger in to loosen it up a little—which proved to be totally unnecessary. This guy had had plenty of meat up his ass before. I spat into my hand and rubbed it on my cock, then pressed the head against that wide-open pucker and pushed with all my might. The guy grunted and tried to protest, but his mouth was full of Mike's dick. I started pumping, full force right from the start.

Mike was pumping the guy's mouth with the same violent rhythm that I was applying to his asshole, and Paul had moved into position between Mike and me and was straddling our captor, so that Paul's meat was dangling in front of my face. I started working on it as I continued to pound the fake cop's butt. There is nothing better than having a cock in your mouth and your cock in a hot asshole.

As I got closer to coming, I started tonguing Paul's balls, and he reached down and grabbed my tits and squeezed hard. Mike was moaning now. He moved forward and sat on the cop's face and said, "Eat my asshole, man. Suck my ass."

As the fake cop followed orders, Paul pulled his dick out of my mouth, turned around, and bent over. I stuck my tongue in his hairy hole and started darting it in and out. I couldn't hold back any longer. I shot my load into the cop and kept pumping his ass until it hurt—me, I mean; it had been hurting *him* all along. When I'd shot my wad, I pulled out and lowered the guy's legs to the cement.

Mike kept his position on the guy's face, and Paul reached down for the guy's prick. He spat on his hand and lubed his asshole, then crouched over the guy's meat and lowered himself onto it until it disappeared

Continued to page 84

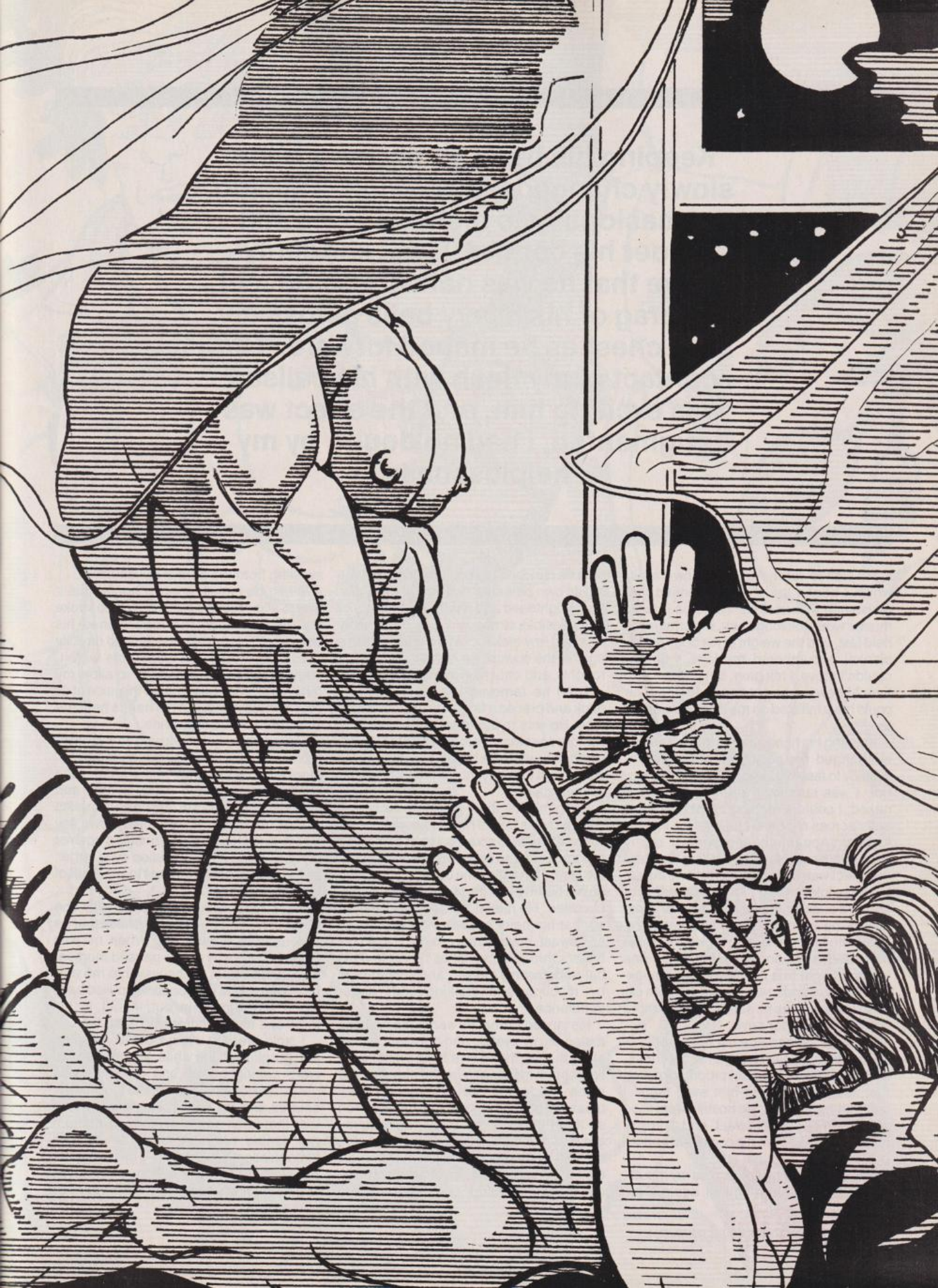
same old new tricks

BY PATRICK FRANKLIN
ART BY MATT

It had been a long, hard day and a long, dull evening. After a cold, late supper and a fruitless search for something interesting to read, followed by a fruitless search of the television channels for something interesting to watch, I was thoroughly bored and depressed and ready to call it quits.

I switched off the light and sought warmth in my chilly bed. Of course at that point the night came alive, but only enough to delay the onset of sleep, not enough to make me want to stay awake. A cool wind noisily rustled the leaves outside my window and repeatedly knocked a loose shutter against the side of the house, and the bad window seal let a draft into the room that flapped the curtains and the shade against the glass. As usual, every board and joint in the old frame house was creaking and groaning, but a soft clicking sound that seemed to be coming from the hallway was foreign to the usual nocturnal cacophony, and that, along with a series of creaks from the stairway, almost brought me back to full wakefulness. I tossed over onto my back to listen more carefully. Silence. I began to drift back into sleep. The last thing I remember hearing was the strike of midnight from the grandmother clock downstairs.

In the limbo of sleep, I dreamed that I heard the sound of heavy breathing. Then gradually I realized that the sound was real, near to me, and getting nearer. I opened my eyes and could barely make out a hulking figure looming over me, but before I could bring him into better focus, he stepped forward and kneeled on top of me, pinioning my arms with his knees and sitting on my chest. My heart raced as I struggled to free myself, but the weight of my attacker was massive and steady and unrelenting. He covered my mouth with a hand to keep me from shouting. The hand was forceful and unyielding, and yet it felt oddly gentle somehow.



Keeping his hand on my mouth, he slowly changed his position, pausing occasionally to test that I was still under his control. I was suddenly aware that he was naked; I could feel the drag of his heavy balls across my bare chest as he inched forward. The contact of my flesh with his ballsac was exciting him, and the effect was augmented, I had no doubt, by my helplessness.

He waited for me to calm down a bit, which I began to do once I sensed that resistance was useless. No force I might muster would dislodge him. My arms were held fast, and the weight of his body on the blanket encumbered my legs. I simply couldn't move. I felt pain, but at the same time I knew it was not nearly the pain he could have inflicted on me if he had wanted to.

Keeping his hand on my mouth, he slowly changed his position, pausing occasionally to test that I was still under his control. I was suddenly aware that he was naked; I could feel the drag of his heavy balls across my bare chest as he inched forward. Apparently, the contact of my flesh with his ballsac was exciting him, and the effect was augmented, I had no doubt, by my helplessness. I felt the prodding of his hard cock against the underside of my jaw as he readjusted himself, reaching back with his free hand to tuck the blanket more securely beneath my thighs. I was wrapped tight in a comforter cocoon, except for my hands, which prickled with oxygen starvation as he settled himself more firmly on my upper arms.

His cock rasped against the stubble of my beard, the head hot against my cheek, and he began an insistent prodding motion that seemed to excite him even more. I could smell him now. My nostrils were filled with the thick odor of sweat, and a drop of moisture leaked from his cockhead and fell onto my face.

Still clasping his hand across my mouth, he reached behind himself again. This time he clutched my cock, which was having its own perverse reaction to the situation. Frightened and totally at the mercy of this invisible stranger, I was completely aroused, my dick rock-hard and straining against the covers. He found it, pulled at it roughly, and chuckled to himself.

Then he removed his hand from my prick and placed a finger on the side of my face. He was trying to tell me something without speaking, something that I understood only when he began to withdraw his other hand from my mouth. He wanted me to keep silent.

I let him think that I would do so, but as soon as I was free of his smothering hand, I drew a breath to scream. No good. He felt my chest expand and slapped me hard on the face, then stifled me once more. Again, he put his finger to my cheek, and this time I nodded. He raised his body and shifted so that his hairy ballsac, ripe with musk and sweat, covered my mouth. He ran his fingers through my hair as he rubbed his balls against my tongue, and I responded by nibbling and sucking with eager obedience.

He moved further forward until his balls rested on my eyelids and his asshole was at my mouth, the coarse hairs pricking my lips. I sunk my tongue inside him, and his sighs made me jealous for my own pleasure, but his legs still had me pinioned so that I couldn't move my hands to my groin to pleasure myself. Which is not to say that there was nothing in this for me. I couldn't give my cock the direct attention it craved, but I could feel it throbbing and swelling from the heat of the situation.

When he moved again, I hoped that it was to allow me enough freedom to stroke my meat. Instead, he repositioned his pelvis so that his dick was poised directly above my mouth. He teased me with it, shoving forward just enough to allow my outstretched tongue to taste the juice at its tip. I wanted more, but his hands held the sides of my head like a vise.

Ever so slowly he allowed me to taste more: first, the tip of the distended head, then a bit of the granite-like shaft, then more, and more, and more, deeper and deeper into me until at last he had snaked the entire length of his meat down my throat, and I felt his bush bristling against my lips. Inside me, he swelled even larger, and I held my breath almost to the point of unconsciousness.

Then he began to withdraw, with the same slow, steady deliberateness that he had used to skewer me. When he was almost all the way out he paused momentarily, then thrust all the way into me with full power and at top speed. He pulled back again, thrust in again, out, in, out, in, his force and tempo increasing each time.

I stole breaths when I could, gasping and gurgling all the while. My bruised lips were getting numb, and my cock was desperate for attention, but he ignored my sounds and my needs. He couldn't care less that I was on the verge of dying from the double whammy of horniness and strangulation. When I tried to block his next penetration with my stiffened tongue, I tasted the first strong jet of his bitter jizm.

ing the odd but unmistakable sensation of someone fondling my crotch from under the table. When I tried to look down to see who it was, unseen hands pulled my chair closer into the table top and blocked my view.

The hands expertly undid my belt buckle, the snap of my jeans, and my fly, then tugged my pants over my hips. This pulled me lower in the chair, until my chest was flush with the table top and my legs were sprawled out of sight beneath it. My balls felt the shock of the cool plastic chair, but my cock immediately started generating heat. My generator was further primed by the sticky warmth of an experienced tongue at work on my lengthening dick and fast fingers tugging at my ballsac. I slid even lower to allow the talented mouth access to whatever it wanted to service. I was rewarded by licks and kisses at my asshole which brought my chin to rest on the edge of the table.

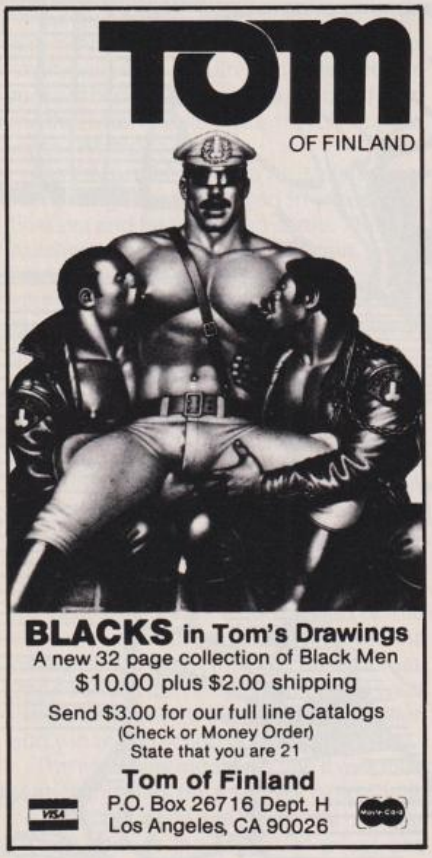
The anonymous tongue seemed to know all my most sensitive spots, from the left side of the corona of my dick to the place behind my balls where the application of a tongue tip can send me into the stratosphere. Which is exactly where I was going. I was repeatedly brought to the brink of climax, repeatedly led back to the safety of sensuous calm just in time. My ecstasy was so profound that I almost forgot to be curious.

Almost but not quite.

I kept trying to sneak a peek beneath the table to see who was doing such wonderful things to me. But there was no way. Whenever I tried to contort myself to the right angle, I lost the delicious pressure against my groin, and that I couldn't bear. All I managed was a glimpse of my talented sex demon's foot gear, a pair of running shoes with broad laces on which the line "God, I'm good!" was repeated over and over.

The moment I got my glimpse—and began vigorously agreeing in my head with the message on the shoelaces—Mr. "God-I'm-Good" stuck his finger up my ass. And I lost it all—load, curiosity, and for all practical purposes, consciousness. I sunk into sheer bliss, and while I was recovering, he must have crept through the stacks and out the door. Once again, I was alone at the refectory table.

I really must speak to David about this. My lover is an extremely bright guy and, obviously, highly imaginative. But if we're going to continue playing these games—and I certainly hope we are—I wish he wouldn't borrow my running shoes. It spoils the mystery. ■



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Uniformly Fuckable

Continued from page 9

The officer stepped a little closer to John. "Don't suppose you've got any ID on you." He stepped closer still to John's upturned face. The bulge in the officer's pants had grown to a full erection. He looked at me and smiled. "Think you could get your friend here to give me some of that, too?"

"John," I said, "I want you to show the officer your special talent."

John looked up and smiled and slid his tongue across his lips. I took the policeman's zipper in my fingers, and pulled it down, and reached in through his trousers to release his fat, uncut dick. It was a beautiful cock, and I had half a mind to go down on it myself, but the officer was clearly more interested in John's eager mouth, which had dropped open in anticipation. The officer took one more step toward John's face, and John swallowed that huge police dick right down to the hilt. The cop let out a gasp, pushed his hips forward with a lunge, and grabbed John's ears like handles, as John began to bob his head up and down the thick column.

"How about the other?" the cop asked matter-of-factly. "What I caught you two doing. Think he'll give me some of that?" he asked me.

I leaned down close to John's ear. "He needs you to suck his asshole," I whispered. "Do it and maybe he'll let us off."

John made a gurgling "Okay" in his throat.

I stood and nodded to the cop. "Yeah, he'll do it."

The cop stood back and loosened the buckle of his gun belt. He dropped his trousers to his knees and turned around. His thumbs went back to grab his boxer shorts, and with one fast tug he dropped them to his knees, then bent forward. I watched in wonder as John leaned forward and stuck his face right up into the crack of the officer's big hairy ass. The officer reached back and spread his cheeks apart, and John nuzzled in and went to town.

After they'd gotten into it, I said, "Here, turn around and sit down on his face like I was doing." John lay down flat on his back, and I motioned the cop to squat. I held his hands so he wouldn't lose his balance as he squatted down in shit position over John's tongue. John moaned with pleasure as the cop's full weight came down squarely on John's mouth. My prick was hard as a rock and pointing right at the cop's face. When I stepped closer, the cop's mouth opened and sucked me in. He was a lousy cocksucker, all teeth and choking—but in about five seconds I started shooting cum into his mouth. I pulled out and shot the rest of my cum all over his rugged face.

With that, the big cop pulled his ass up off John's face and pushed his fat prick into John's mouth. I heard the cop shout "Fuck!" and then he emptied himself into the fireman's gullet. John grabbed his own dick, pumped it twice, and shot his load all over his stomach. I don't think I'll ever see anything as sexy as that again, the big hairy cop fucking John's mouth after sitting on his face.

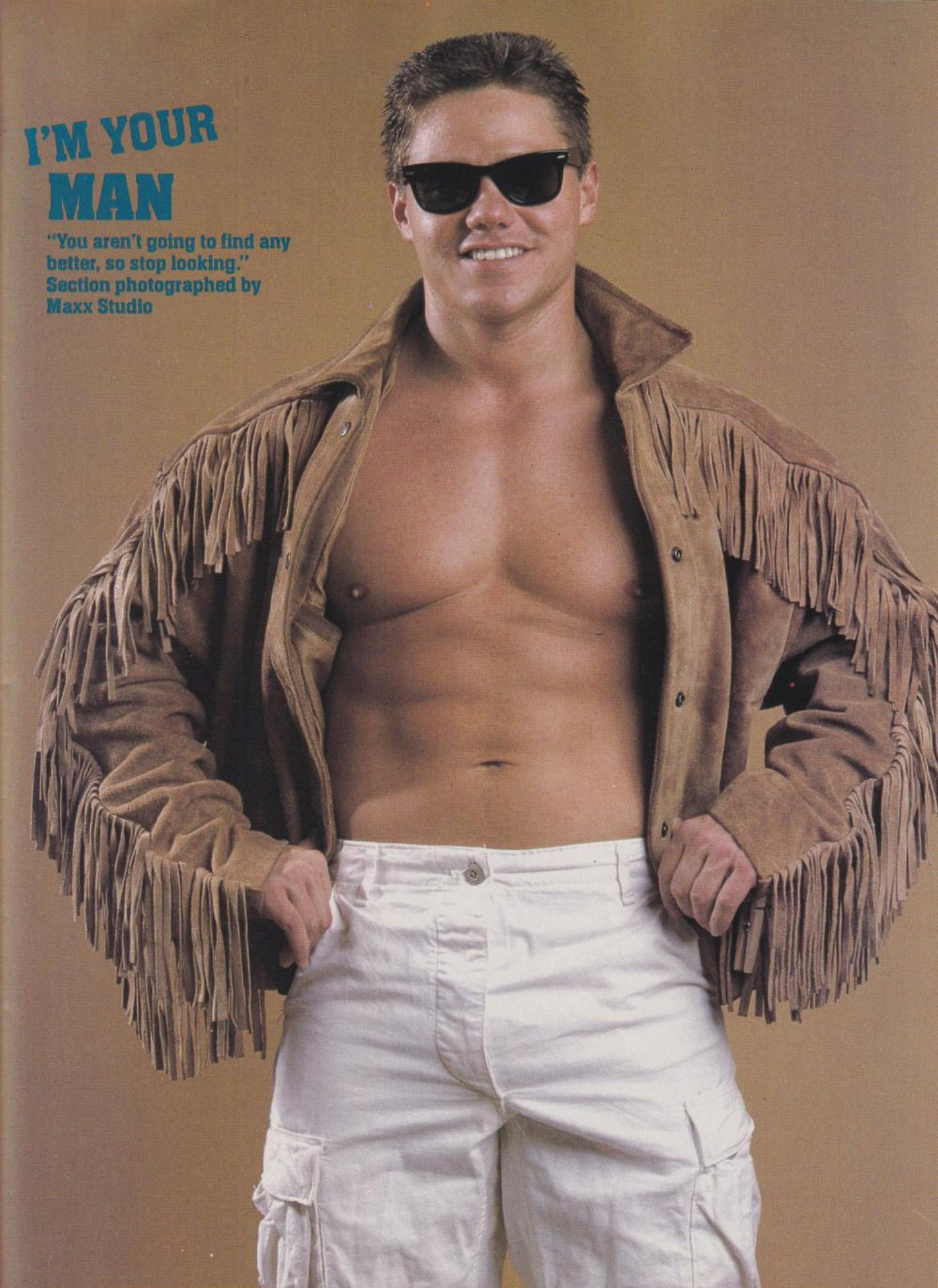
The cop got up and pulled up his pants. "All right, you two. Get lost," he said, all business again. "If I ever catch you faggots out here again, I'm really going to let you have it."

John and I scrambled back to the Honda and pulled on our clothes so fast that none of the buttons were lined up right, but we didn't care. I slammed into first gear and pulled away. We drove back over to my house, laughing at the wild experience we had just had together.

John told me that the cop's ass tasted real funky. "I liked that the best," he added.

Oh, John. You were so fucking sexy. Why did you have to go back to your wife that night with the smell of my ass and the cop's ass all over your face? Why didn't you just stay with me?

I went to bed that night still horny. I beat my meat thinking of John sucking my ass and then sucking the cop's ass. I beat my meat until it was sore. I still beat it like that every time I remember that wild, crazy night in the city dump, with the uniformed cop and the out-of-uniform fireman. ■



I'M YOUR MAN

"You aren't going to find any better, so stop looking."
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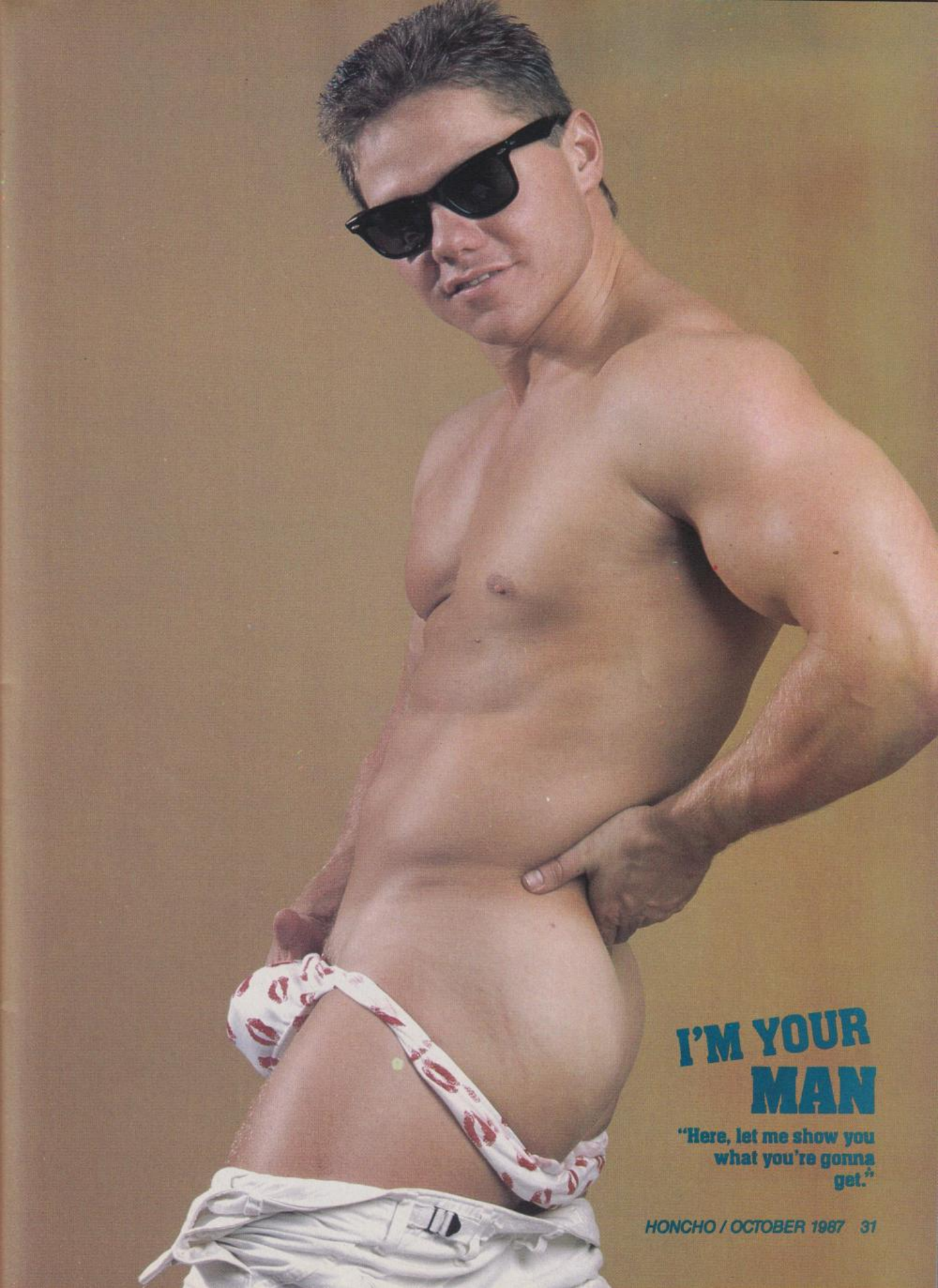


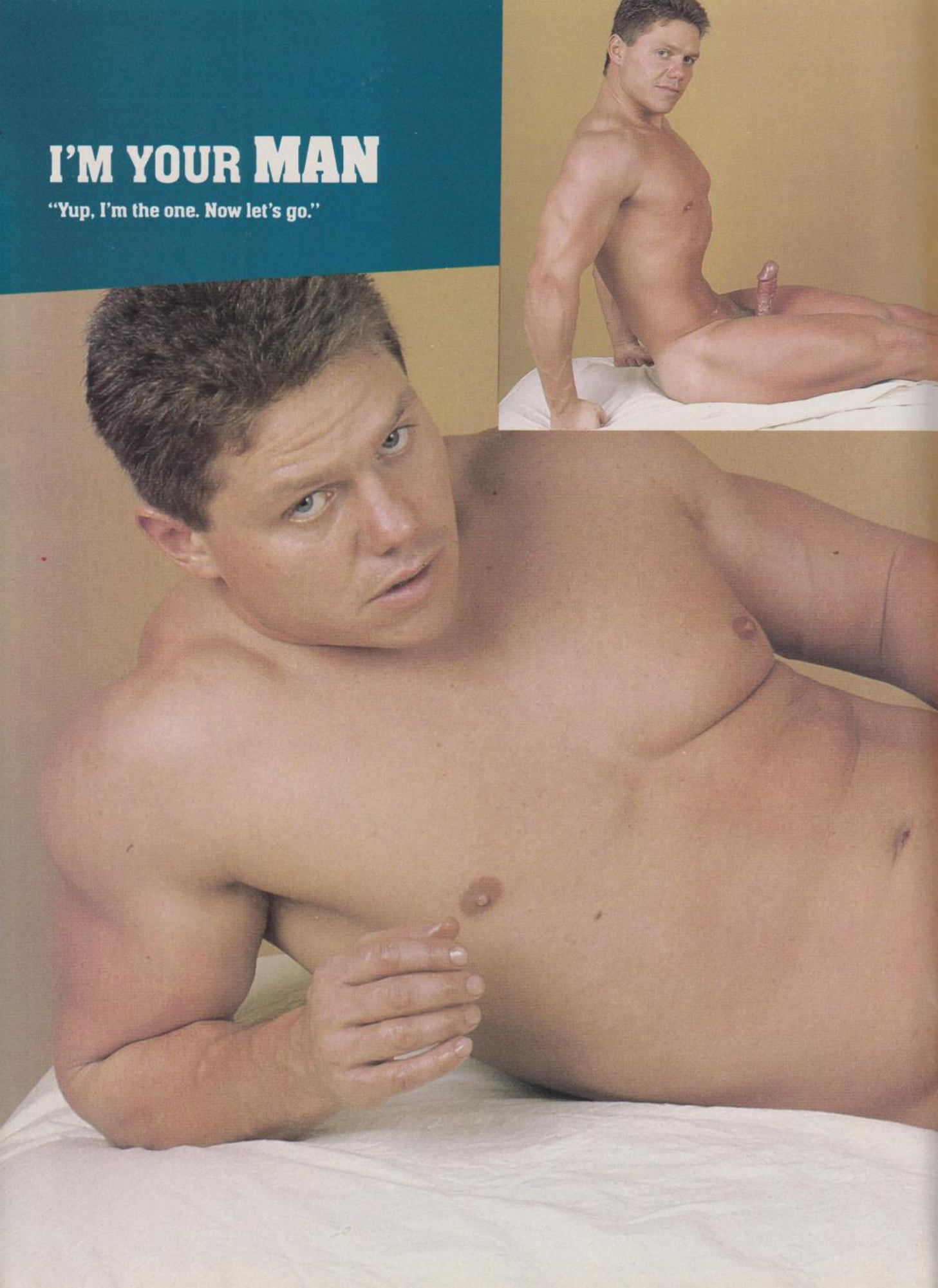
I'M YOUR MAN

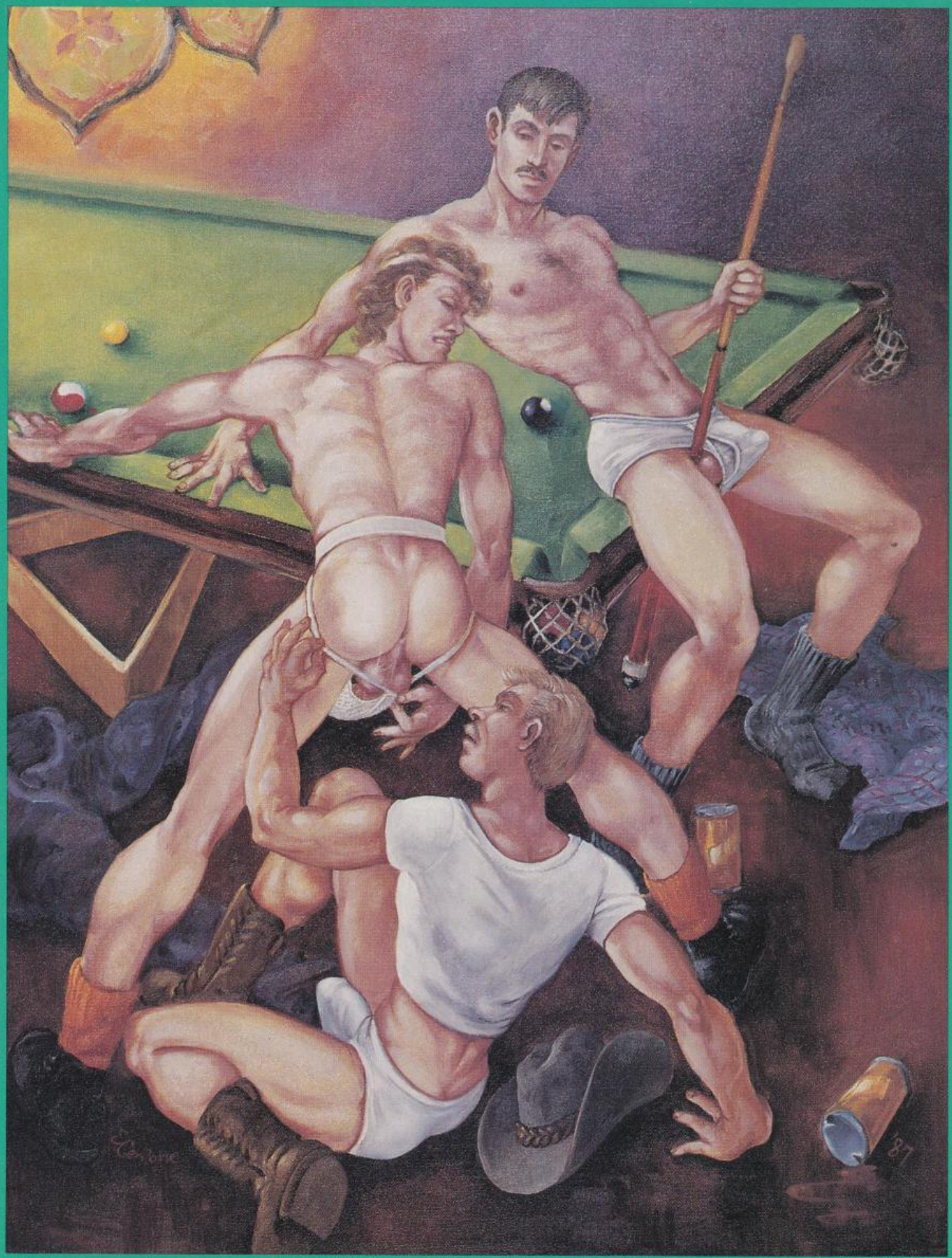
"Here, let me show you what you're gonna get."

I'M YOUR
MAN
"Interested? They always are."

I'M YOUR MAN

"Yup, I'm the one. Now let's go."





The last customer finally left and Howie at last managed to get the place closed. He invited me and Wayne to hang out afterwards to play a little pool. The three of us already knew we were into the same scene, so when Howie suggested that we strip to our underwear, Wayne and I readily agreed. I couldn't wait to get an eyeful of Wayne's bulging briefs.

POCKET POOL

BY JACK RICARDO • ART BY EDDIE CERVONE

The bar was pretty near all cleaned up, and while Howie went out back to dump the plastic garbage bags of empty beer cans, Wayne and me sipped on our last-call Lites. It was strange being in the bar after hours—dead quiet and all the lights out except for the one over the pool table. Didn't seem like the same place without the wall-to-wall cruisers. You should see it that way sometime. It's really kind of hot right after everybody's cleared out, because even though they're all gone, the place is still full of their man smells—which, as you know, get real intense just before closing, because everybody's trying so hard to score at the last minute.

Howie works the last shift on the bar, and he'd invited me and Wayne to stay on after he closed up the joint. Since it was a Saturday, nobody had to work the next day. Which was a good thing since it was after five in the A.M. by the time Howie finished his chores.

When he came back in from out back, he headed straight for the bar fridge and grabbed himself a Bud. "Okay, let's play pool," he said.

The three of us already knew we were into the same scene, so when Howie suggested that, to make things more interesting, we should strip to our underwear, Wayne was as enthusiastic about the idea as I was. It was the first time Wayne and me had been out together, so I'd never seen him in his skivvies, which is my favorite way of seeing a guy. He'd taken his shirt off hours ago, and the elastic waistband of his shorts was sticking up above his pants, so I knew he wore cotton briefs. Me, too. Howie always wears a jockstrap—that I knew from experience. I went home with him one night and he had me put my equipment into a jock. He had a drawer full of them—a couple of new ones, most of them used, and all of the used ones unwashed and ripe. It was a remarkable night. I'll tell you about it sometime—if you're into jocks.

Anyway, before I could unbutton my 501s, Howie was out of his boots and jeans and shirt, and had tossed them behind the bar. Since the floor was grimy, he kept his heavy white socks on. Man, Howie was a sight for hungry eyes standing there in front of the bar in nothing but a jock and insulated socks. He filled that jock pouch with seven inches of uncut dick and a fistful of hairy balls. I knew the length of his dick and the size and feel of his balls from experience, as I said before, and I was eager to repeat the experience—with variations and with the addition of a third partner.

I quickly tugged off my cowboy boots, unbuttoned and removed my jeans, tucked my white undershirt into my skivvies, then slipped my boots back on. By the time I had adjusted my nuts for a comfortable basket, Wayne had his pants and shoes

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POCKET POOL

off. His briefs hugged his crotch and ass like he was born in them, and his only remaining foot gear was his gray woolen socks. He folded his pants and laid them neatly across a bar stool, then lit a cigarette, glanced at my box, and smiled.

Wayne is a couple of years younger than me and Howie, maybe twenty-two. He has jet-black hair, a thick moustache, and not much body hair—which surprised me that first night. I'm pretty hairless myself, but I'm a blond, so it's what you'd expect. But it wasn't what I expected of Wayne. Good thing I like surprises. Actually I love surprises, and Wayne's smooth flesh was a really hot sight. He did have a smattering of black hair on his chest, just enough to tempt, and I could see his pubes peeking over the top of his underpants. I could also make out the shape of his dick and the bulk of his balls through his shorts. Looked like they'd fit my mouth just right. Put the dick and balls together with a well-proportioned body and what you get is a man worth panting after. And, man, was I ever panting after Wayne.

"Okay, guys, you're up," Howie said and sauntered behind the bar to turn on a country-and-western tape.

Howie's comment had been about the pool game we were going to play, but at first I thought he was talking about what was going on between our legs—and partly he was. But when Wayne grabbed a cue stick, I got the idea and grabbed one myself. I'd never played pool in my shorts before, and I was really looking forward to it, particularly with such good company.

Howie tossed us each a beer, and when Wayne paused from chalking up his cue stick to snap his can open, the foam splashed over his chest and dribbled onto his shorts, leaving a couple of stains. I looked forward to licking those stains off.

Howie threw a quarter on the pool table, and Wayne tossed the coin and won the break. But before he got a chance to shoot, Howie asked, "What are the stakes?"

I grinned and looked at Wayne in his briefs. He smiled and looked at me in mine.

"Hey, guys," Howie said, "I want in on this, too."

"Come in, come in," I urged him.

"All right. The winner gets to kiss my ass."

With that, Howie leaned against the bar and started playing with his jock pouch. Watching him rub his dick through the pouch made my dick grow, and when I glanced over at Wayne's box, I saw that he was having the same reaction.

Wayne and me agreed to the stakes. Not that it mattered what they were. Whatever happened, we were all going to be winners. I had no doubt about that.

Wayne leaned over the table and got in position to break the balls. He took his time and let Howie and me get a good gander at his upthrust ass. Then he made the break with a sharp thwack, and I put my concentration into the game. We were both anxious for the game to end. Not that we didn't enjoy posing for each other around and over the table, but Howie's ass was waiting for the winner and there were three hard dicks and three sets of balls in the room that were much more interesting than the cue sticks and the wooden balls on the pool table. Both Wayne and me played well, but I played the best. As the winner, I strutted back and forth beside the table, then turned toward the bar and eyed Howie's ass.

Howie came over and stood right in front of Wayne so that their baskets rubbed against each other. They didn't touch with their hands; they just rubbed their boxes together. What an eyeful for me!

Howie's firm, mean-looking ass was outlined by the straps of his jock. I got behind him and knelt down on the floor—to hell with the grime. Not only did I kiss his ass—my reward for winning the pool game—but I started running my tongue over his cheeks. Then I followed the trail of hair from the top of his crack up to the small of his back, pausing along the way to taste the sweat-soaked waist strap of his jock.

While nuzzling him from behind, I reached between his legs and felt his balls inside his pouch. By now, my rod was pushing against my shorts and begging to be let loose, but I stayed down on my knees and kept my hands occupied with the other men's meat. Still holding on to Howie's pouch, I grabbed Wayne's crotch with my other hand and rubbed their nuts together. Then I squeezed both sets of nuts into one hand and, with the other, reached further back and played with Wayne's ass. I teased at the elastic of his underwear, then pressed a finger into the top of his crack and ran it all the way down, pushing the cotton about an inch into his hole.

Wayne groaned and said, "Blow me, dude."

By now the two guys above me were in a tight clinch, so I wasn't positive whether Wayne was talking to me or to Howie. But I was the one who responded. I pushed the two guys apart and scooted in between them.

Howie moved to Wayne's side and started kissing him, while I cupped Wayne's basket in the palm of my hand and put my mouth over the tip of his cock, which was protruding just above his waistband. I pried open his piss slit with my tongue, then ran my tongue tip around the head. Then I remembered the beer stains. I ran my tongue down the front of his briefs until I tasted beer, and I sucked and chewed on the cotton until the stains were gone and the fabric was soaked with my spit.

As Howie eased Wayne back toward the pool table, which was directly behind us, I got up off my knees and stood to the side. Wayne hopped up on the table, leaned back, propped himself on his elbows with his legs spread wide apart, and stared directly into my eyes. What a sight—a hot man in spit-soaked underwear waiting for me to do my thing, and his.

I hadn't realized that Howie had disap-

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peared until he came back and threw a couple of rubbers on the pool table. Then he was behind me, rubbing his jock against my briefs. The feel of his hard rod on my ass—with only his jock pouch and the thin cotton of my briefs between us—really set me off. I stuck a couple of fingers inside Wayne's fly and pinched his dick real hard, which caused him to let out a loud moan.

I let out one of my own when Howie chewed into the back of my shorts. Clenching my waistband in his teeth, he gradually pulled my shorts down until my bare butt was right there in his face. While he licked my ass and reached around and pulled on my rod, I stretched the fly of Wayne's shorts open until his dick sprang through. A nice strong vein ran from the tip of his cut head all the way down the shaft and disappeared inside his shorts. I played with his dick, stroked it, massaged it, squeezed it for a little while. Then I decided I needed it in my mouth.

I tore open one of the rubbers and slid it over the head and down the shaft. Then, as I wrapped my lips around the tip and pressed forward, Wayne threw his head back and moaned.

Howie sat down on the floor underneath Wayne and me and pulled my underwear down below my balls. Then he grabbed the other rubber and opened it. I eased up on Wayne's dick and stepped back to watch Howie apply the rubber to my stiffer. It made me hot as shit to watch him staring so hungrily at my cock as he slipped the thin latex sheath down its length. The second it was on, he wrapped his lips around my rubber-coated cock and started sucking like the pro I knew him to be.

While Howie continued sucking away, I turned my attention back to Wayne, still perched on the edge of the pool table like meat on a shelf, his dick sticking out of his fly. I swallowed him in one gulp and pushed forward until my chin was pressing into his balls.

When Howie wasn't sucking my dick, he was licking my balls, mouthing them, playing with them. It drove me up the wall.

I let Wayne's meat slither out of my mouth and held it in my hand. It was all shiny with my spit, and it sparkled in the light from the bare bulb over the pool table. I reached inside his fly, and after a bit of manipulating, his balls popped out of his shorts and I quickly sucked them into my mouth. If there's anything I like better than sucking a man's dick, it's sucking his balls while another man sucks mine. And that's exactly what I was doing, and what Howie was doing. He was really getting down now. He moved his mouth from my nuts to my rod, to my nuts, to my rod, then grabbed my hips and started blowing me like there was no tomorrow.

Meantime, I was doing the same thing to Wayne. I looked up at his face and saw that he was soaring to the moon as he rotated his hips to the rhythm of my blow-job and I rotated my hips to Howie's rhythm.

Suddenly, Wayne grabbed my hair and started yanking. "Suck my fucking dick, Jack! Suck it, man! Eat my meat, you cocksucker!"

I grunted and groaned and sucked and ate.

"Keep it up! Slide your mouth down my hot rod," he shouted, all the while yanking at my hair as I sucked his rod and yanked on his balls.

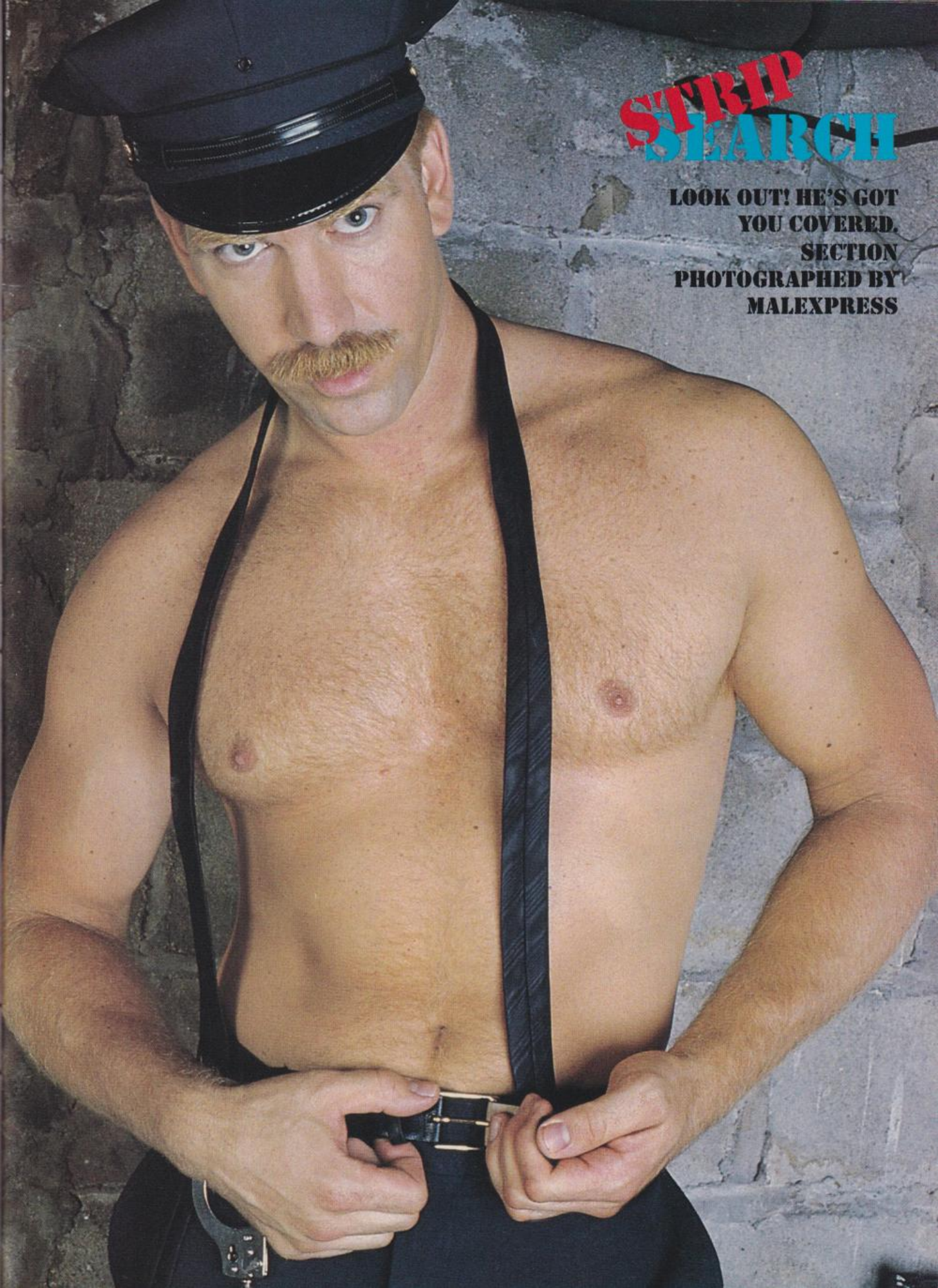
Then Wayne gave a final, violent tug on my hair, and I shot into Howie's ever-sucking mouth. He eased his pace on my dick to let the cum fill up the rubber, and in that instant Wayne yelled at the top of his lungs and shoved his dick down my throat and let fly his monster load.

Howie's was the only unsheathed dick in the joint, so when he exploded—seconds after Wayne—it went all over the floor beneath us. When Wayne cooled down enough to climb off the pool table, he and Howie cleaned up the mess by rubbing their socks in it.

Before leaving the bar for the night—or for the day, I should say, since it was six A.M. by then—the three of us switched underwear. I took Wayne's, Howie took mine, and Wayne took Howie's jock. That's an old tradition among guys into jocks and briefs and boxers.

Speaking of which—boxers, I mean—in the parking lot me and Wayne and Howie made a date for the following Saturday night, and each of us agreed to wear the oldest, raunchiest underwear we had. That was last week, and today is Saturday. I'm going over to my old man's apartment later on for my weekly visit. He's been a widower for ten years now and he only does his laundry about once every two months. A pair of his boxers from the bottom of his hamper should do just fine for tonight.

If you're into the sort of stuff Howie and Wayne and me are into, come by the bar just before closing time. The more the merrier. But don't forget your underwear, and no matter how freshly laundered the rest of your get-up may be, make sure your jockstrap or briefs or boxers are as raunchy as possible. ■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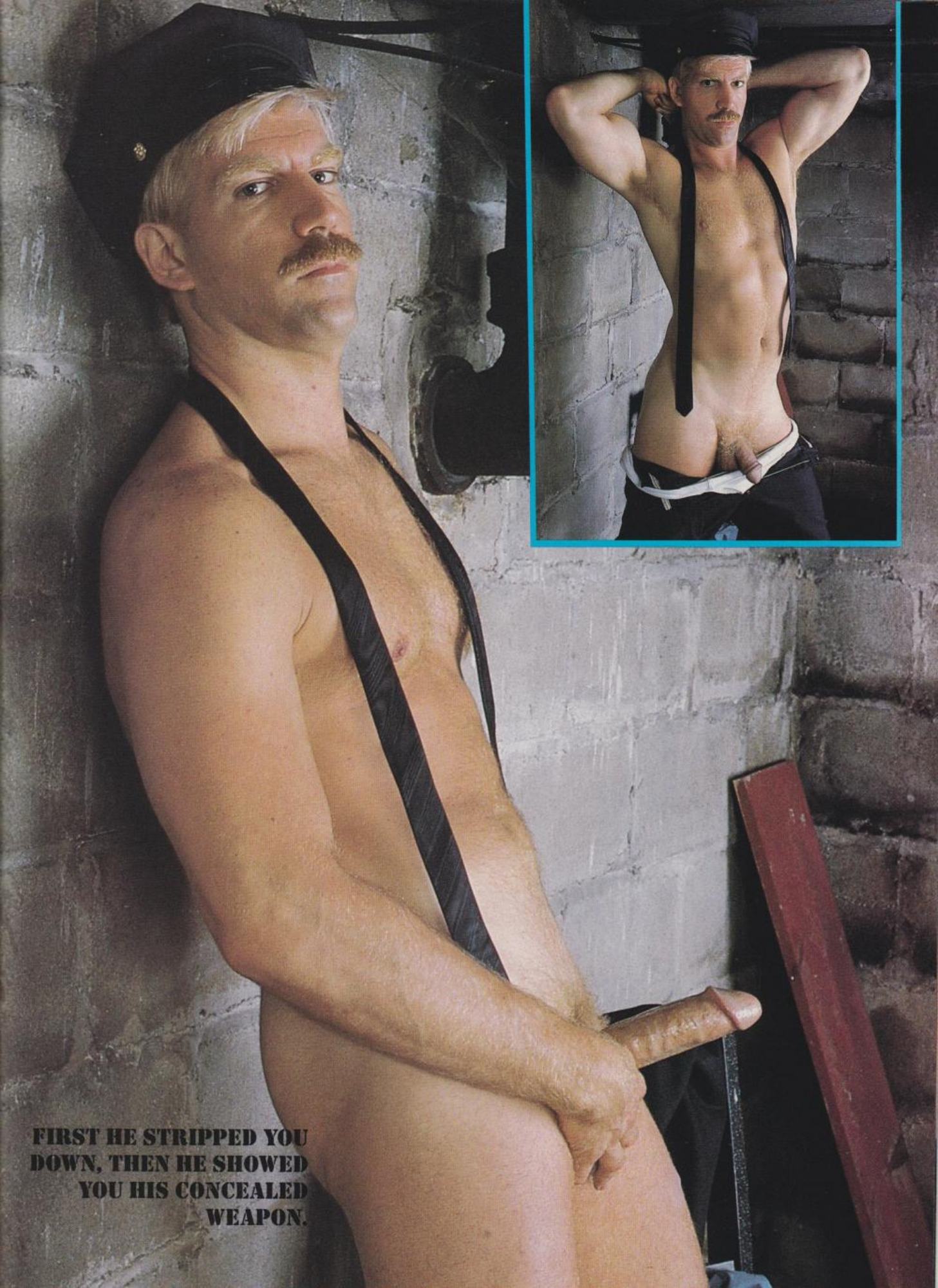
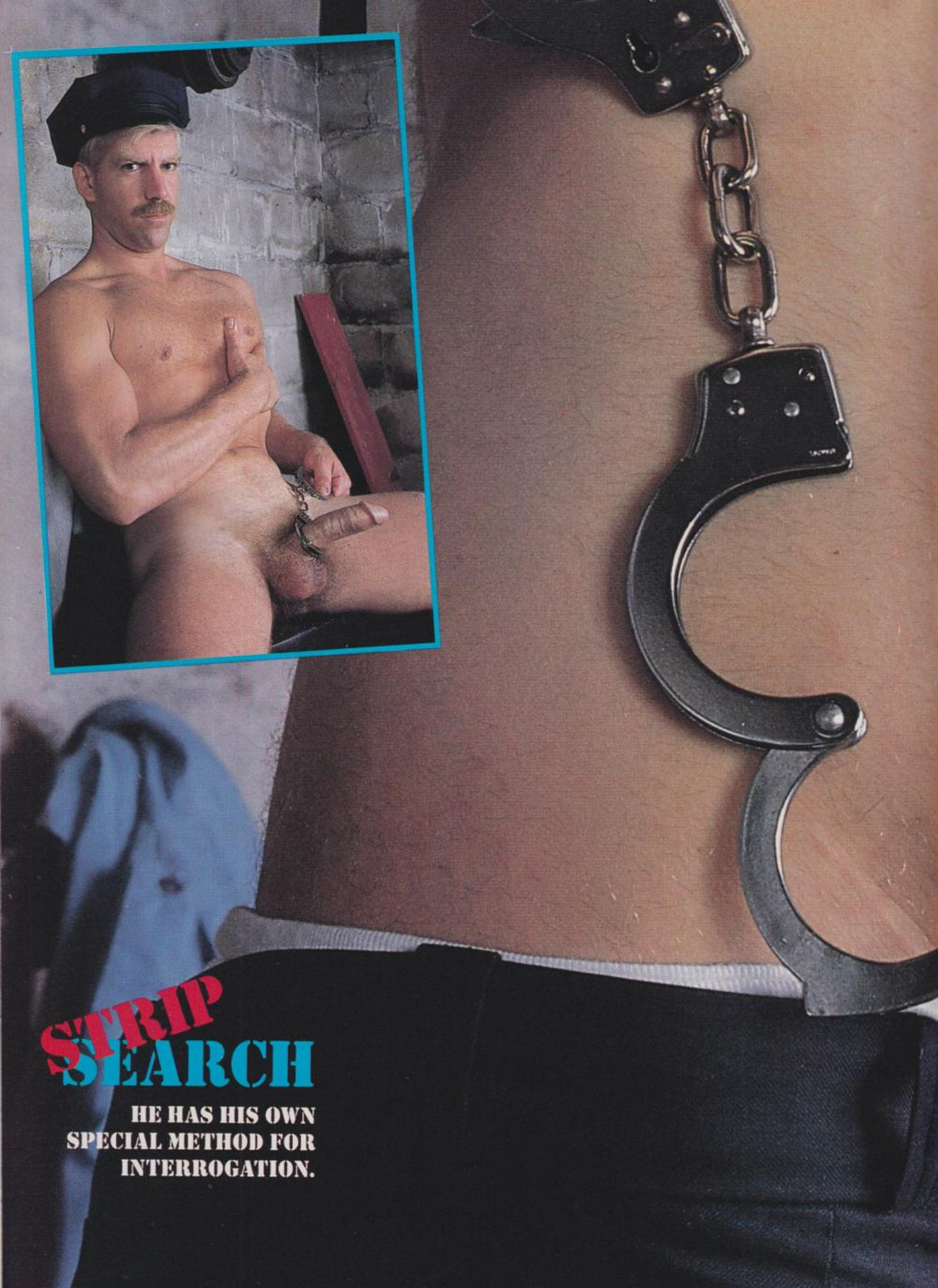


FIRST HE STRIPPED YOU DOWN, THEN HE SHOWED YOU HIS CONCEALED WEAPON.



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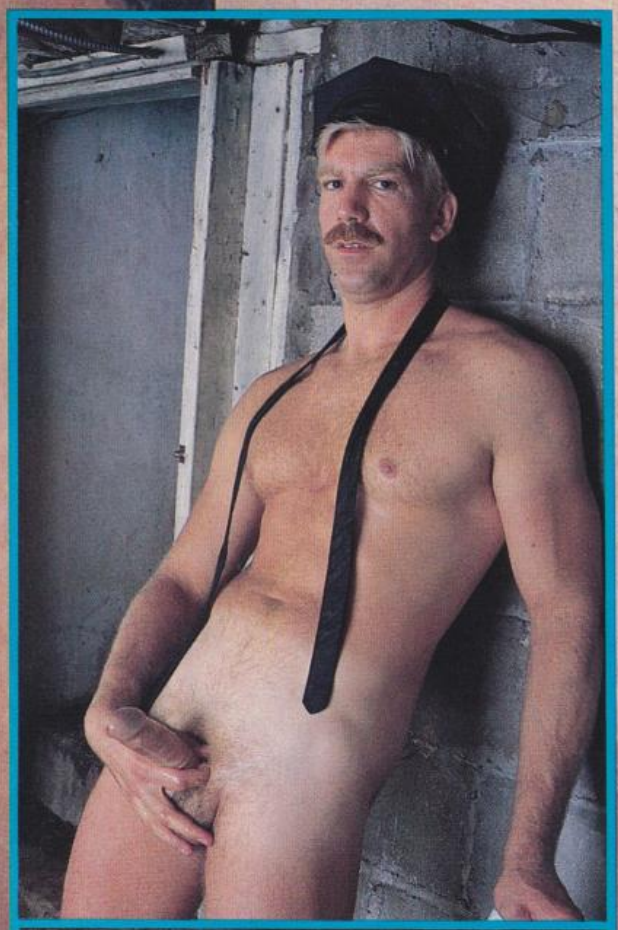

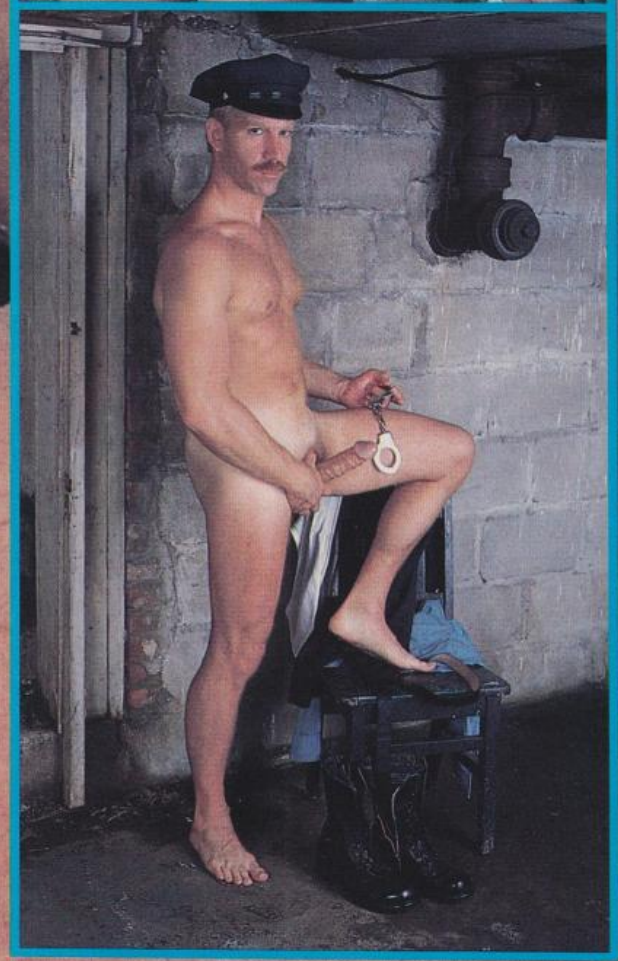

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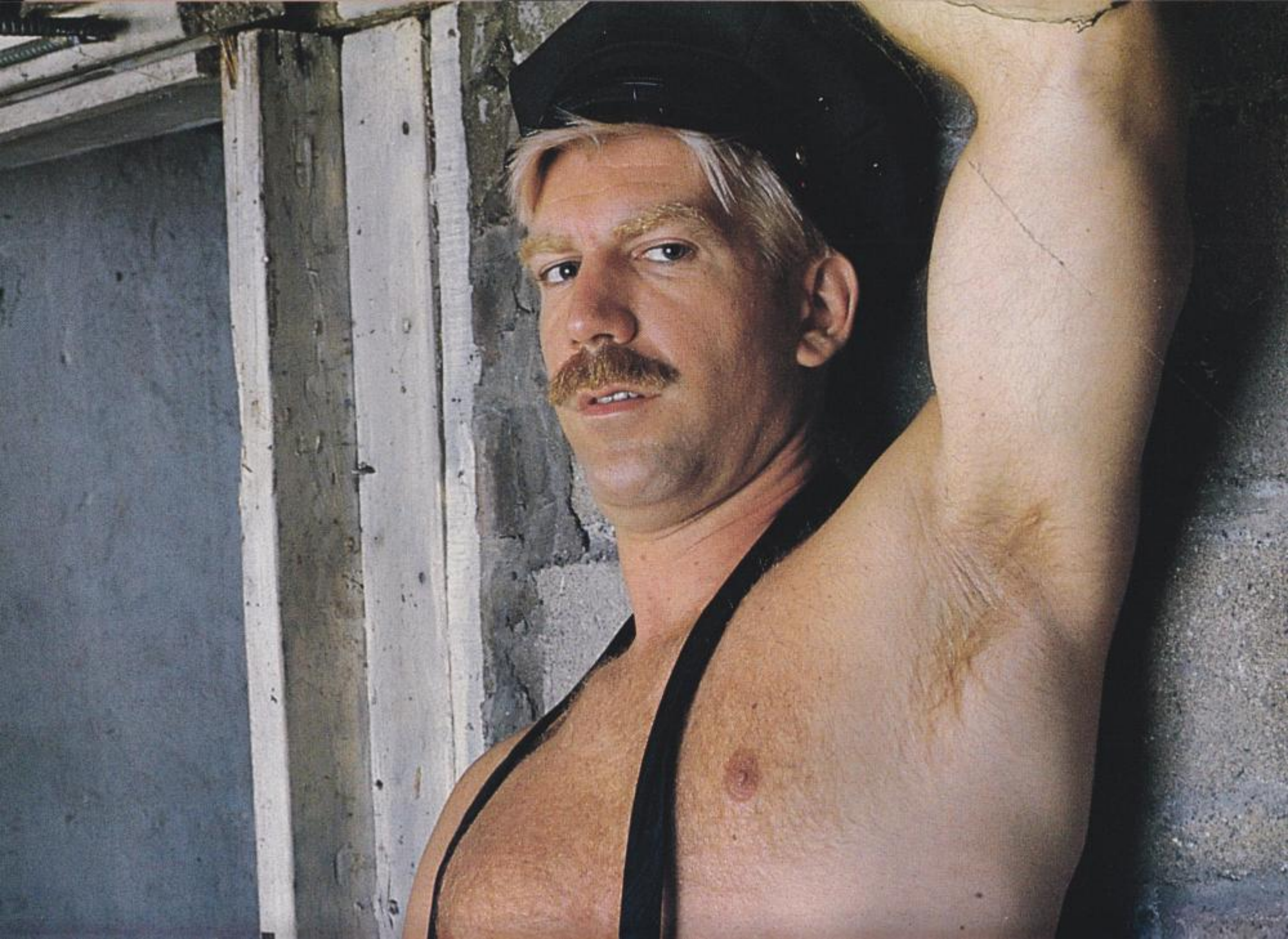


Settling AN OLD SCORE

STORY BY PIERCE

PHOTOS BY CHRIS MORRIS

I first met Steve Miller when I was fourteen years old. Steve was four years older and dated my sister.

My parents didn't trust Steve. He was too wild. Drove a pickup truck and was too good-looking. He also smoked, and no one in our family did. He'd even been in jail overnight for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. It didn't bother him at all. He laughed about it. There was a rumor that Steve had knocked up a local cheerleader, but no one could prove it. Steve just smiled and kept his mouth shut if anyone brought the subject up. He wasn't a guy who fucked and told.

Steve was my hero—wild, free, and a certified stud. I wanted to be a stud like Steve, but I didn't have much of a chance. All the studs I knew had dark hair, heavy eyebrows, wore English Leather after-shave, wore tight Levi's, and *didn't* wear underwear. I was red-haired, had pale skin that didn't tan, green eyes, didn't shave, and my ass didn't fill out my pants. I also wore underwear. I had to. At fourteen my cock was always hard. I jacked off all the time and loved it, but it came up at the damnedest times. Sometimes in school or just walking down the street. I loved having a hard-on but not in public places.

When Steve and my sister had their big fight, it was pretty easy to figure out why. Sis was a prude. She wouldn't put out and Steve wasn't about to waste time. So he split. I missed him. Sometimes I'd fantasize I had a pussy, and I'd jerk off thinking how I'd let Steve fuck me night and day. Afterwards I'd feel guilty as sin, but that didn't stop me from jacking off thinking of Steve.

I didn't see him again until I was eight-

een. He was even more handsome than I remembered. He had grown from a hot teenager into a hot man. His body was more muscled, his hair a little shorter, and he sported a full 'stache.

He came roaring into our quiet little town one summer day on a brand-new sportster cycle with real sterling silver trim. He wore a leather jacket, no shirt, loose Levi's, and harness boots. I was working at a filling station pumping gas for Harley Zicklefuse, a friend of my dad's. I'd bought a pickup and had to make payments. The money wasn't too good but at eighteen it seemed enough to me. Steve roared into the station, stopped the cycle, and strutted toward the office. He yanked his balls a couple of times as if they were cramped and readjusted his cock, which seemed about half-hard. He seemed taller than I'd remembered.

"Where's old man Zicklefuse?" he yelled, looking in the office. Not finding my boss, Steve walked toward me, a frown on his handsome face. He didn't know me from Adam. I knew I'd changed a lot, but I was a little depressed that Steve had forgotten me.

"Hey, kid, where's old man Zicklefuse? I need to work on the bike. Thought I'd leave it here in the garage and come back tomorrow. He around?"

"He's havin' lunch, Steve. Be back in about a half-hour."

"You know me?"

"Sure, you used to date my sister."

His face broke into a sunshine smile. "Hell, kid, I used to date everyone's sister in this uptight town." He studied my face. "Hey, the red hair. Are you Patty McLaughlin's brother Tom?"

"Yeah, that's me."

"Whole damned family has that hair. Last time I saw you, you were a snot-nosed, jerk-off kid no bigger than a grasshopper."

He was right about the second part. I blushed. "Yeah," I stammered. "I've changed some I guess."

"That's for sure. You turned out real good. Your sister still at home?"

"She moved to Ohio. No work around here. She's doin' okay. Gonna get married soon."

"Want a soda pop? I'll spring for it."

He sauntered over to the pop machine, inserted the money, threw a can at me, and opened one for himself. Just watching Steve's Adam's apple bob up and down as he drank excited me. He was sweating a little under his leather jacket. He had a helluva tan, a toasty golden brown. Even his dark-brown hair had golden highlights.

"You married, Steve?" I asked, somehow knowing he wasn't.

"Shit, no. I ain't the kind of man to settle

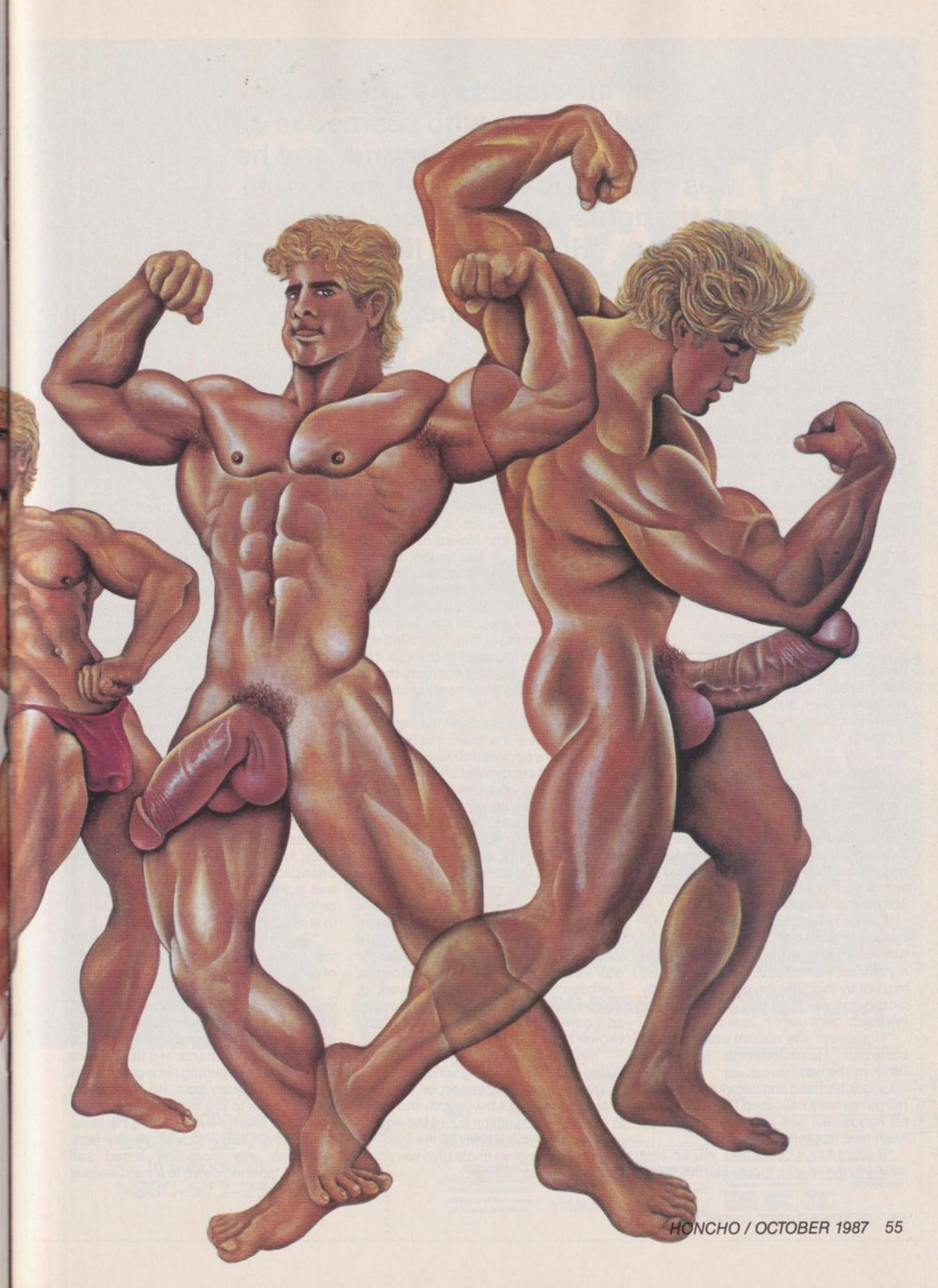
Continued to page 86

MUSCLE WORSHIP

About two hours after everyone else left the office for the weekend, I finally finished up the report. I had been working on it for months, and it felt good to get to the end of it at last, even though, as usual, it had cut into my evening.

My report wasn't the only long-term project coming to an end. I looked out the window at the new office building next door. Construction had begun at just about the time I started my report, and now that I was done, the building was done, too. No more construction crew.

BY McCLELLAN PLATT-RAYFIELD
ART BY R. A. SHULTZ



Most of the workers had come and gone, but the man who seemed to be in charge was always around, and he was very good-looking. I was lost in my thoughts when a voice caught my attention. "How do you like it?" It was him, my fantasy man, standing right next to me.

Outside, I stopped at the chain-link fence surrounding the new building and thought back to when there had been nothing but a hole in the ground where the skyscraper now stood—a hole swarming with construction workers. Most of them had come and gone as the various stages of the building were completed, but the man who seemed to be in charge was always around, and he was very good-looking. *Very* good-looking. All too often my fantasies about a guy get old fairly quickly, or my eyes start seeing his flaws or something. But that was not the case with this man. He seemed to get better-looking every time I saw him.

"So what do you think of it?"

I turned and saw that it was him, the man who had occupied so many of my fantasies over the months, standing right beside me. He looked even better close-up than he had from a distance.

"Looks like it's just about finished," I said.

He was wearing jeans and a sweat shirt, his legs bulging against the denim, which was covered with dust. His upper body flawlessly filled out his sweat shirt, which, true to its name, was damp with sweat. His face was tan and strong-featured under the wavy blond hair, and when he smiled his face lit up. I was starting to get an erection just from looking at him.

"I've been watching this building go up. I work in the one next door, and I could see what was going on through the window in my office. I walked past here every evening, but by that time the gate was already closed and you guys had gone home for the day."

"Not always. I've noticed you when you come past." He smiled at me. "My name's Dave, by the way."

I shook his hand and introduced myself. His palms were calloused from work, and his handshake was firm but friendly. My heart beat faster at his touch.

"If you'd like, I could take you up and show you the interior. It looks like this might be the last chance I'll get. They're supposed to start moving furniture and stuff in on Monday."

We started in the basement and worked our way up floor by floor. In the dark corridors, I wanted to reach out and touch him, but I wasn't sure he was willing. His remark about noticing me might have been perfectly innocent. If only I knew.

When we got to the floor opposite my office, we stopped and looked over. All we could see were a few rough shapes through the glass. As we stood there, his arm rubbed against mine, and my cock started getting hard. I looked to see if it was having the same effect on him, and when he saw me looking at him, he smiled and then apologized for standing so close. If he was interested in giving me more than a tour, he was taking his time about making a move.

Finally we were almost to the top of the building. Most of the floors had been laid out with many separate offices—lots of little rooms and cubbyholes and closets and things like that—but this one was more open. In the center, where the elevators and bathrooms were on the other floors, was a full locker room, complete with showers and a whirlpool.

"This is where the company that owns the building is going to put the gym. They haven't installed any equipment yet, but a lot of the guys here on the job have been using the showers ever since they were turned on. It's nice to be able to shower after a day on the job. I even shower *before*. I've been hitting the gym before work as well as after for the last couple of months, so I come up here every morning and shower right after my morning workout."

"Two workouts a day! You certainly are taking your bodybuilding seriously."

"Yeah, I'm getting ready for the state championships in a few weeks, and I want to blow the competition out of the water."

"Why don't you shower at the gym? I'd think the other guys might give you some constructive comments."

"Pretty much the only guys who make comments are the 98-pound weaklings. I didn't do all this work just so I could be the inspiration for some guy who hardly works out."

"I hope you don't put *me* in that category. You've been my inspiration ever since you started work on this building."

"Yeah? That's great. I notice you've made a lot of progress since I first saw you. Even with your suit on, your muscles show. Your pecs have grown to the point where they're hard not to notice."

As he said this, he ran his hand across the front of my shirt. The pressure against my nipples was making them hard, and by now my cock was struggling to escape from my pants.

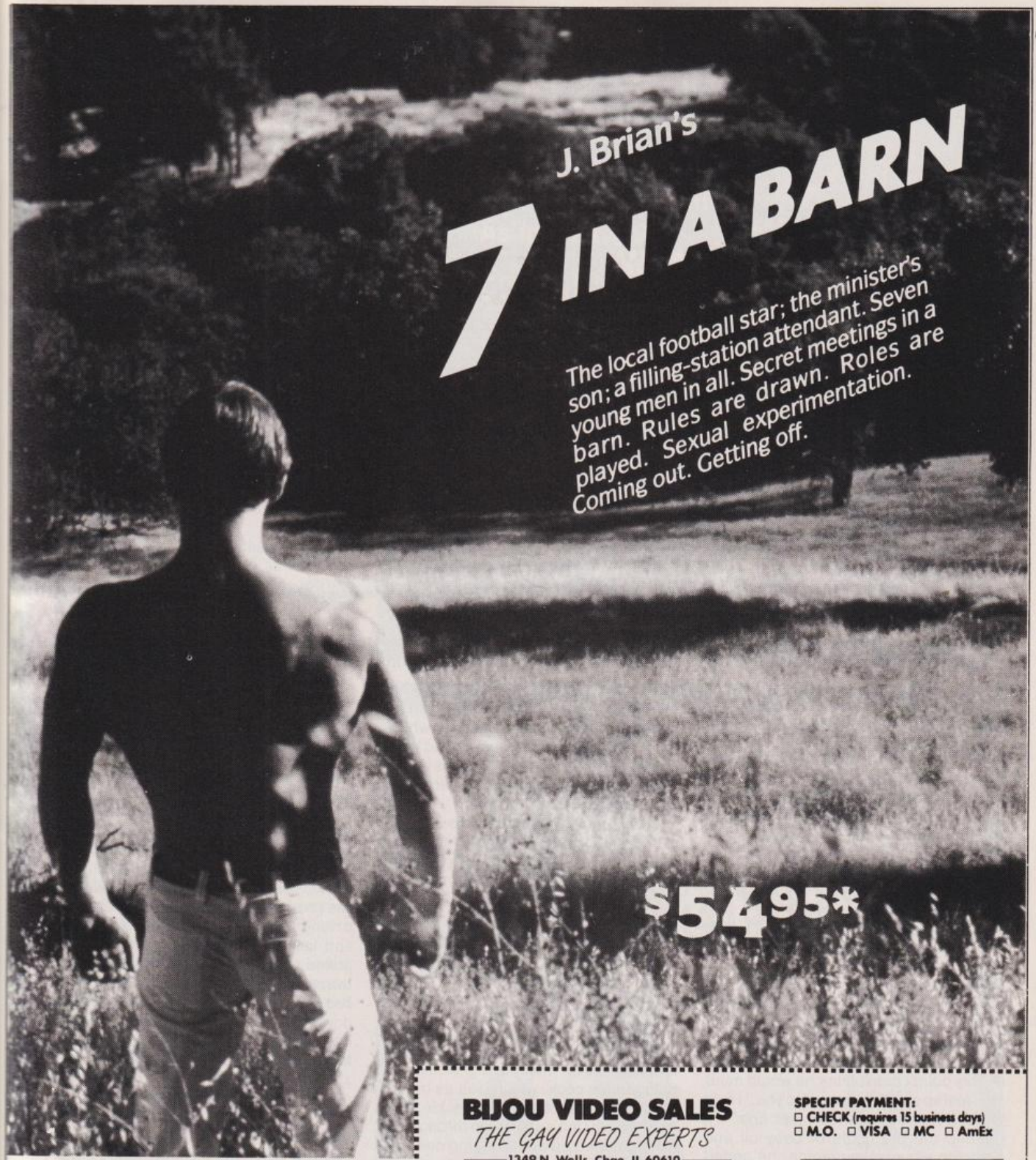
Then he wrapped his hands around my upper arm and squeezed gently. "You're getting so big here that your suit sleeves are tighter than I'm sure they were meant to be. And your lats have gotten quite large, too."

Now he was running his hands along the side of my back, underneath my jacket. I wanted to fall into his arms at this point, but I was too nervous to do anything.

"Yeah, you've done really well with your body. And I'm flattered to hear that you've been getting inspiration from me. Listen, I was going to practice my posing routine before hitting the showers. Would you like to stick around and watch?"

"I'd love to see your posing routine! With inspiration like that, who knows what kind of progress I can make!"

He pulled off his sweat shirt and revealed massive pecs and mountains of hard muscle tying in to huge, perfectly shaped shoulders. Then he turned around and peeled off his pants. His thighs were so muscular that getting his legs out of his pants was no easy task. He stood there with his back to me for a moment, and I could see that he was shaking his balls, pulling them away from his sweaty legs. His back was incredibly broad and smooth, tapering down to a narrow waist



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and slender hips. His ass was firm and shapely. I wanted to lick him from top to bottom.

He leaned over, opened one of the lockers, took out a pair of red posing trunks, and slipped them on. Then he turned around and smiled at me. "So what do you think?"

"You look great. The next time I go to the gym I'm going to have one hell of a workout, thanks to you."

"If I'm going to practice my posing routine, I've got to get oiled down." He took a bottle of baby oil out of the locker and held it out to me. "You mind?"

I hesitated a bit. "I'd love to, but I might get oil all over my suit."

"No problem."

He dug around in the locker and found a spare pair of gym trunks, which he handed to me. I undressed and put them on. My cock was pushing them out in a way that left no doubt about what was going on, but by this point I didn't think he would mind.

"I feel so small compared to you," I said.

"Don't worry, you look just fine." He handed me the bottle of baby oil and, glancing down at my crotch, he added, "Just fine. Everything I was hoping for."

He tweaked my nipple and turned around, and I started oiling him down. His back, which had seemed so huge before, swelled as I spread the oil. He was stretching his lats in preparation for some of his poses.

As I worked on his shoulders, I couldn't resist rubbing my cock against his ass, and I was rewarded with a flexing of his buns.

Jesus, all my fantasies were coming true!

I worked my way down from his shoulders to his posing trunks, which I pulled away from his ass just a bit so I could get the oil below the waistband. As I slid my fingers under his trunks, he rolled his ass and flexed the muscles again.

Then I moved around to his front and started oiling down his incredible pecs and rippling abs. His pecs were so large that his nipples were stretched out smooth, but as my palms rubbed against them, they hardened and stood out. As they got harder, I got bolder. I started flicking one of them with my finger, continuing with the other hand to rub oil all over his chest and his washboard abs.

When I got to the top of his trunks, I stopped flicking his nipple and bent over to tease it with my tongue. With my hand, I reached inside his posing trunks and grasped his cock, which was as big and hard as the rest of his muscles. He let out a moan and I felt a shiver run through him. I straightened up and, keeping one hand against his bulge, stroked his powerful chest with my other hand.

"You like big muscles, don't you?" he said.

"Yes. But I've never been with a real bodybuilder before. I've been with big men, but never as big as you. Touching you, running my hands over your big, hard muscles—it's such a turn-on for me. I can't tell you how great it feels."

"I like the feel of your hands on my muscles. I've wanted to do this—to strip down and share my muscles with you—ever since I first noticed you."

He flexed his arm, and I reached out and grabbed it with both hands. his rock-hard biceps bulged under my fingers. He wrapped his other arm around my waist and pulled me next to him. Our hips touched, then our stomachs. I let go of his arm and felt his mountainous pecs flexing and relaxing against my chest, exciting me like I had never been excited before.

When we separated, he took a step back and looked me up and down. Then he pulled off his posing trunks and leaned over and started tonguing my nipples. My cock was roaring, but when I started to pull down my gym trunks, he stopped me. He knelt down, pressed his lips against the fabric enclosing my cock, and blew. I stroked his back and kneaded his shoulders and stared at his hot ass.

"Oh, God, Dave! I want you so much! I want your muscles. I want to feel your muscles against me. Hold me tight and let me feel your arms squeezing me."

After my outburst, he stood up and smiled. "I still need to practice my posing routine, but I can do it as well naked as in my posing trunks, so why don't you make yourself comfortable there by the mirror and I'm going to show you how a real bodybuilder shares his muscles with other

bodybuilders."

He smoothed oil onto his groin area, lovingly stroking his big cock while he was at it. I had pulled my trunks down far enough to expose my cock, and I was stroking it good and hard as well. When he started his posing routine, I tried to control myself, but my cock had been teased too much, and I quickly came all over my chest. Dave broke out in a huge grin.

His cock stayed rock hard throughout his routine, and so did mine, even though I had shot an incredibly huge wad. I kept right on stroking and came very close to a second orgasm several times, whenever he hit particularly hot poses. He was watching me all the while, studying my reactions to his best poses, and his cock kept getting harder and harder. A couple of times I was sure he was going to come.

Finally, at the end of his routine, he hit an absolutely mind-blowing pose and held it longer than I would have thought he could. And he came. He shot his huge load against the mirror, and it was such a hot sight that I came *again*.

My most cherished fantasy had come true. I had run my hands all over the hottest-looking man I'd ever seen, and had jacked off while watching him practice his posing routine. And the biggest turn-on of all was seeing him come without even touching his cock.

He walked over and sat next to me against the mirror. Both of us were pretty spent, me from two orgasms, him from posing and from shooting all over the place.

"Do you always get hard when you pose? I think it would be embarrassing at a contest."

"I'm much too nervous at a contest to get hard. And I never get hard when I'm posing by myself. It only happens when there's another guy around. What *really* turns me on is showing off my body to another bodybuilder. Someone like you." He smiled, leaned over, and kissed me.

"I'm really sorry this building is all finished up. It means I won't get to see you anymore in the evenings when you head home."

"Who says it has to mean that? I was kind of hoping we could see each other again."

"And I was kind of hoping the same thing."

"So let's adjourn to my place for the night—unless you have plans."

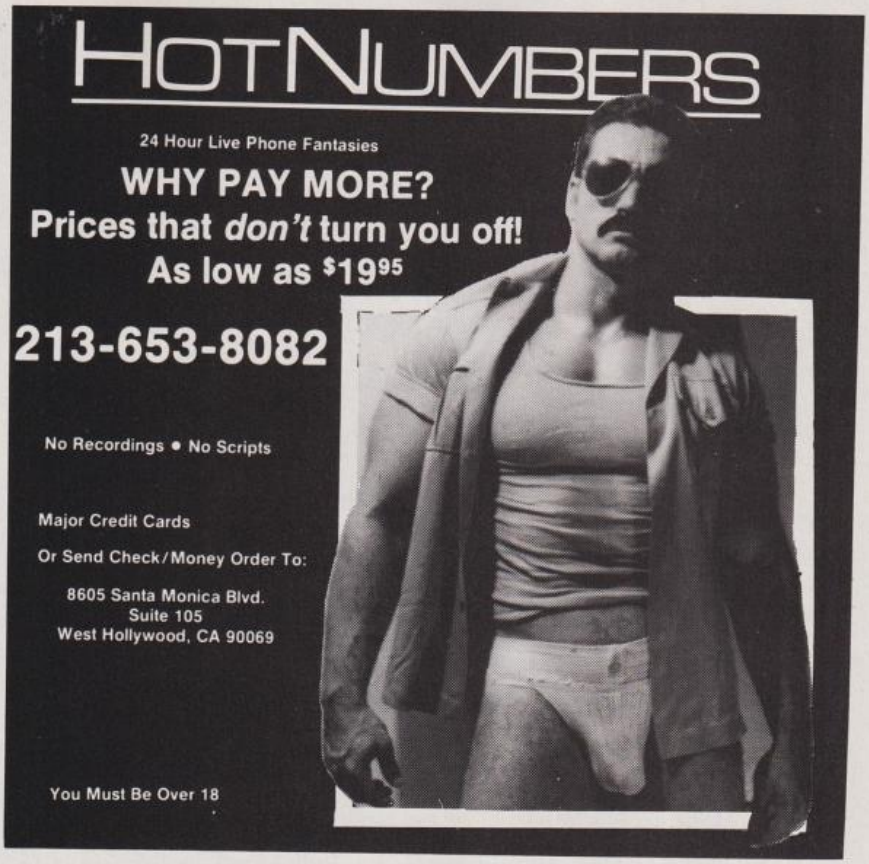
"I have plans, all right, and every single one of them involves you."

"So let's get dressed and get out of here."

"And get involved?"

"Yeah."

We did. We are. He won the contest. And I won the prize. ■



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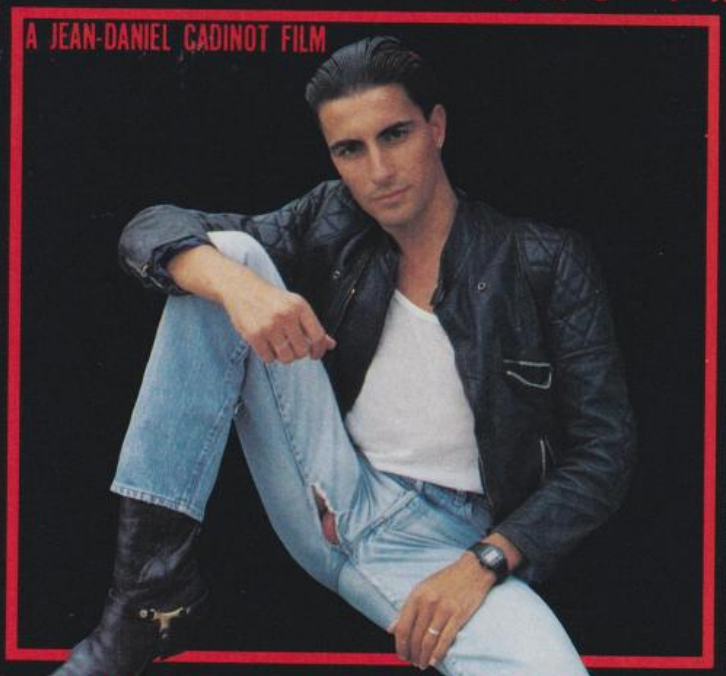

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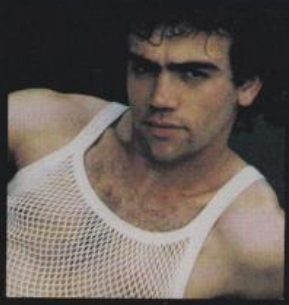

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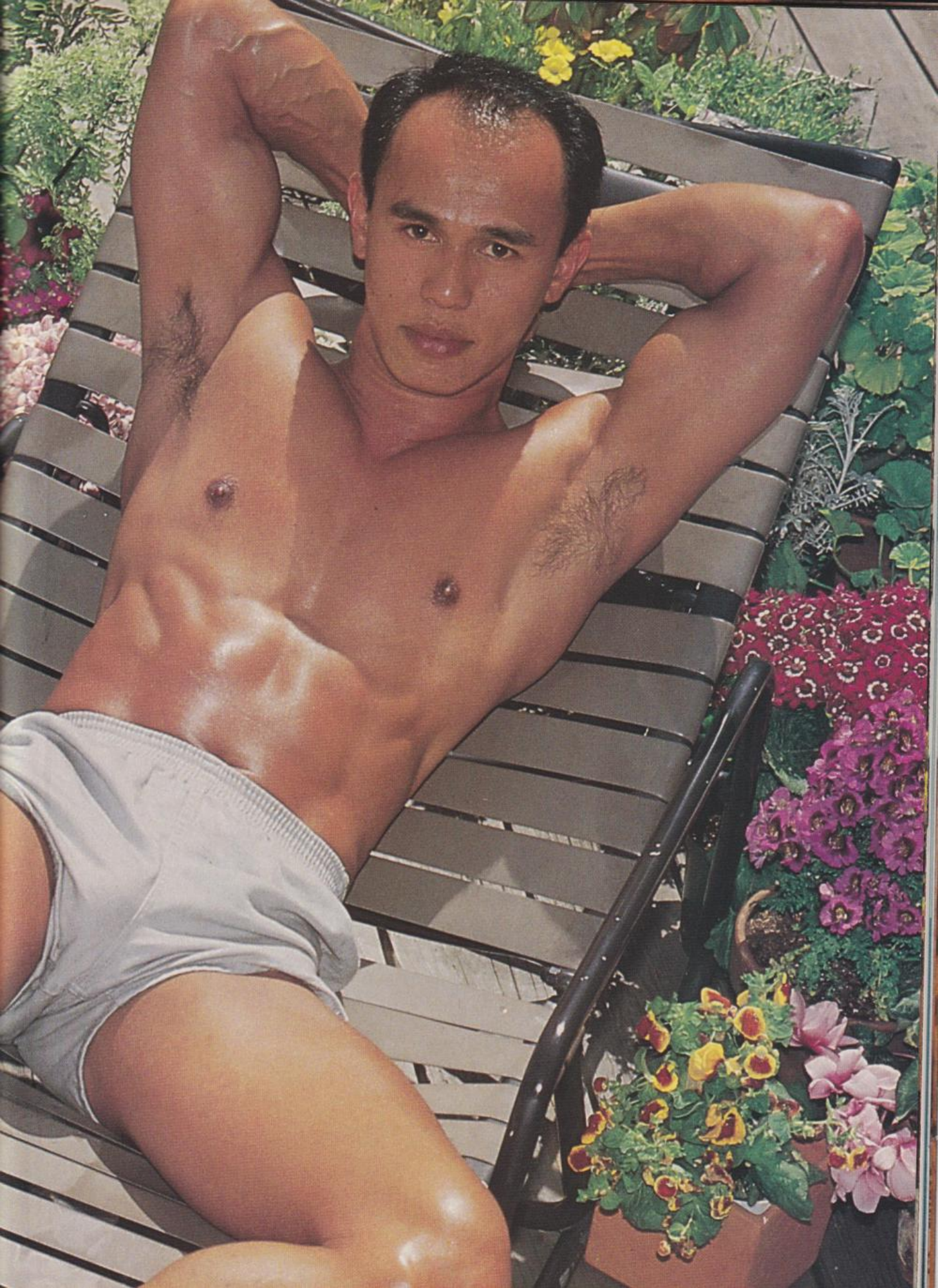
He's a man of many talents and quite a few surprises.

Section photographed by Richard Law



BIG
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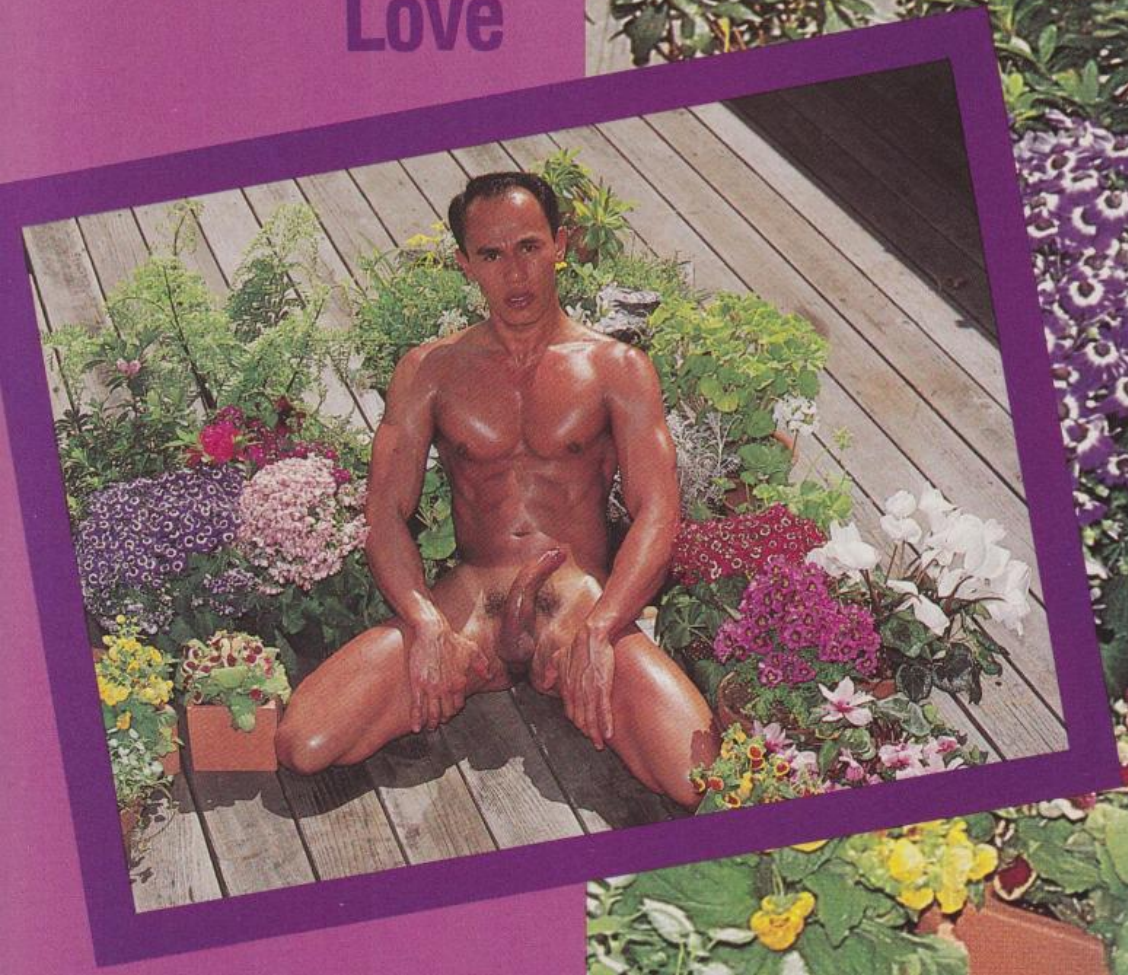
He deserves all the special attention he gets.

BIG Love



Let him know he's one of a kind, your kind.

the Pumper the Pounder and the Plugger

Story & Art by Richard White

The three of them lived in a large, five-room, two-bathroom apartment. There were two bedrooms, a living room and adjoining dining room, and a big eat-in kitchen. All the rooms opened onto a long connecting hallway, and one bedroom was separated from the other by the two adjacent baths. The apartment faced west, and from their sixth-floor windows (ten of them) they had a full vista of the Manhattan skyline. Their Brooklyn neighborhood was the home of Pratt Institute, a university that included art, design, architecture, and engineering colleges, and among all the artists, designers, and architects, there were many gay men living in the neighborhood.

For Sal Anthony and Carmine Giachinta, that was the neighborhood's chief attraction. Sal was a hot, hairy, meaty gas station attendant, and Carmine was a phone repairman with a big, hard body. Their gigantic roommate, Vinnie Trocchia, was even bigger and beefier, and he had no idea that his roommates were lovers. Their bedroom down the hall was out of audible range from his, especially with the air-conditioners on. So he never heard their wild fuck sessions.

They'd all grown up in the same neighborhood in Canarsie, deep in Italian Brooklyn, where Sal and Carmine had been, respectively, a fullback and a quarterback on their high-school team. By senior year they were lovers. Sal was the chunkiest of the three roommates, and he was also the hairiest fucker around. His belly, chest, and legs were a forest of black fur. Carmine was less hairy but had a full pelt of chest hair. Climbing the phone company's utility poles had given him a set of bison buns, lightly fringed with brown fur.

The three studs liked to play amateur softball together. Vinnie, older than the other two, was recruited as a catcher, but his powerful carpenter's arms made him an even better pitcher. From center field, where Carmine and Sal played, the sight of Vinnie's big butt bent over to pitch was an incredible turn-on. Vinnie was big, wide, and stacked! And there was not an ounce of fat on his huge frame, which was something that Sal envied. Sal had tried everything to slim down, but he didn't have enough discipline to stay on any diet for long. Carmine didn't care. He liked his furry lover as he was.

Sal also envied Vinnie for his fat, long dong. Sal's was a plump porker of about five inches—hardly small exept in comparison to the bloated, seven-inch sausage that Vinnie had. Again Carmine didn't care. He loved having Sal's fat meat down his throat or up his butt.

Vinnie was the quietest of the three stallions. Painfully shy and awkward, he'd

CARMINE
R.V. 84

George's eyes, Vinnie's windowsill, and the edge of Vinnie's bed were all at the same level, and George had a clear view of Vinnie beating his meat while watching a porno movie on his VCR. George tried to see what was on the TV set, but the blind was only partially raised. Still, it was enough to see Vinnie from head to knee. His big hand beat furiously, his balls flopped around, his cockhead was scarlet, and his shaft was soaked with sweat, saliva, and grease.

worked in the gym to build himself a beautiful body. But growing up he'd been hen-pecked by his two older sisters, who made him feel like big a lug, and he had never quite shed the feeling. Even when he blossomed into a strapping six-foot-two athlete in high school, his sisters, who were in college by then, had curtly dismissed his athletic awards as Philistine.

Claudia and Angela Trocchia were beak-nosed and puffy-lipped, and they'd been rejected and insulted often by men. They took it out on Vinnie. They teased him about his big ears and the "unsightly" bulge in his pants. They said he looked like an elephant with a big trunk hanging down in front. They also taunted him about his big nipples, which they said protruded too much for a boy. "You've got breast-feeding nipples," the gorgons told him.

Perhaps if Vinnie had had only one sister, his psyche might have survived intact. But two harpies haranguing him in unison all his life had really done a number on him. Despite his size, he was gentle and easily wounded.

He had stayed a virgin until he was twenty, and his first sex with a woman had been disastrous and embarrassing. Because he had deprived himself so long, he came right away. But still his hard-on wouldn't go down. What Vinnie never realized, since he was too humiliated to talk about his disaster with anyone, was that, for almost all of us, that first sexual encounter is a disaster.

But Vinnie gave up sex . . . with women. At the gym, he fell in love with men's bodies. The gods of Nautilus were, in his mind, the perfect embodiment of the psychic strength he lacked.

Vinnie had been living in an apartment near his parents' home. He hated it. The two small windows faced a wall outside. The place was an oven in summer and a steambath in winter. So when Carmine and Sal offered him their spare room, he jumped at the chance. That same day, after their softball game, they went directly to Vinnie's apartment to move his things. Both lovers lusted after their new roommate, but they took an oath never to make the first move on the gentle giant. They had each other, after all.

Vinnie gladly took on extra freelance carpentry work to pay for his higher rent, and his hours were always unpredictable. Sal had very regular hours at the gas station down the street, from noon to eight in the evening, and he rarely worked overtime, despite trying to save money for a partnership in the business. Carmine worked from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon. This gave Sal and Carmine a lot of time together, and because of Vinnie's ever-changing schedule, they were often alone in the apartment. It was perfect for all concerned . . . until one day . . .

Across the street from the three Italians, George King, an architect, had recently built a small deck on the roof over his top-floor brownstone apartment. He walled the deck on four sides, for sunbathing privacy, and spaced the upright boards so the breezes penetrated, but not prying eyes.

One mid-May afternoon, New York temperatures hit a record high of ninety-three degrees. George—a tall, twenty-six-year-old Nordic blond—went to his deck to get some color and fell asleep. He woke about 3:30, having roasted for an hour and a half. Even though he was quite certain that he was hidden from view, he peeked through the slats to make sure no one was watching.

George's eyes, Vinnie's windowsill, and the edge of Vinnie's bed were all at the same level, and George had a clear view of Vinnie beating his meat while watching a porno movie on his VCR. Vinnie believed that since the nearest buildings were four-story brownstones, he was above their view. He hadn't noticed the roof deck. George tried to see what was on the TV set, but the blind was only partially raised. Still, it was enough to see Vinnie from head to knee. His big hand beat furiously, his balls flopped around, his cockhead was scarlet, and his shaft was soaked with sweat, saliva, and grease.

George watched, and for a moment forgot his own erection. The dark, hairy hulk had mesmerized him. Then George reached down and grabbed his twitching cock and began to match Vinnie's furious pawing, and from that angle he could see the flickering TV set—it was a gay flick! George shot a load at the prospect of feasting on the mammoth meal across the street. Suddenly, Vinnie's hairy thighs raised up off the bed, and his load shot up out of sight behind the blind, then splattered back down across his belly. He bucked and hammered and shot vines of cum. Then he collapsed on the bed and reached for a small rag on the windowsill. His hand suddenly was lit by the sun, and George could see cum dripping off his fingers. George wanted to lick that hand clean.

Already planning his strategy, George slipped out the rear wall of his roof deck

and went for a shower. He decided he needed a better view of the hefty hunk across the way. He'd wait until after sundown, then go back to the roof with a hacksaw and slowly, quietly cut a space in one of the upright boards—just big enough for has binoculars.

At about ten o'clock, he went back up to the roof. Vinnie's two bedroom windows and bathroom window were dark, but the next bathroom windows blazed brightly in the darkened building. George carefully sawed through the board, making a vertical slit about two inches wide, hardly visible from across the street but wide enough for his forty-power binoculars, which he immediately focused on the apartment across the street. There, in the bedroom next to Vinnie's, were two other dark Italians. The blinds were slightly open, and George could see very clearly that they were embracing and kissing in a very non-brotherly fashion. Both men sported healthy hard-ons. One was a mass of curly body hair; the other had an ass like two over-ripe melons. George was hard in a flash.

The two men hugged and tugged at one another furiously, and fell onto the bed. They sucked each other for a few minutes, and then the hairier one put a safe and grease on his cock and the one with the balloon buns got on his elbows and knees. George's view was right between their legs. The minute his neighbors started fucking, he shot.

Suddenly, the two men stopped fucking and looked around, and the one on top put his hand over the bottom's mouth. There was a light on in the living room now, then another in the second bathroom. George watched with heart racing as Vinnie came in, turned his back to the window, dropped his work belt and coveralls, and squatted. When George panned back to the two fuck partners, they were still frozen, as if waiting for something, staring in the direction of their roommate's bathroom.

George reasoned that perhaps the biggest one of the three didn't know his roommates were gay, or maybe only one of them was his roommate and the other was a trick. Either way, it was obvious that there were secrets among these men, and watching them through his binoculars became an obsession for George. Most afternoons, before the one who wore a phone company uniform came home, Vinnie would beat off to porno movies. Later, they'd all have dinner and beers and occasionally joints. Then they'd retire to the two bedrooms. Vinnie was always careful to wear a headset whenever he watched porno while his roommates were home. The gas jockey, dubbed the Pumper by George, always fucked the phone man, whom George called the Plugger, both aptly named, George thought, for their professions *and* for their positions in bed. The biggest one George dubbed the Pounder, since he had hammers, drills, and screwdrivers in his utility belt.

George couldn't believe how often the Pumper fucked the Plugger, or how many times a day the Pounder could play with his pork. But they never had three-ways, and the Plugger and the Pumper always stopped fucking if the Pounder came home. They'd keep silent until he was in his room. George was fascinated and incredibly turned on by what he saw.

Finally, after weeks of watching, and getting everyone's schedule down pat, George decided it was time to *have* the Pounder. He waited until three on a hot Wednesday afternoon in late June, then went to his vine-covered spy hole and watched for the Pounder. About fifteen minutes later, he came in, stripped, showered, and went to his bedroom to beat off. Once the video started and Vinnie was beating off, George made his move. He took a brand-new porno cassette from his

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bedroom, raced across the street, and buzzed every buzzer except the first and sixth floors. Someone let him in, and he rushed into the elevator before anyone could check who was at the door. He pushed six.

His heart thumping, he went to the apartment door at the end of the sixth floor hall, the one that spanned the most windows in the front of the building. He buzzed the bell and waited.

Vinnie, startled out of his reverie, quickly pulled the cassette out of the VCR, draped a towel around his middle, and went to the door. His hard-on wouldn't go down, so he was careful to open the door only a crack. Since, as far as he knew, the buzzer had not been rung from downstairs, Vinnie believed it must be a neighbor calling, which was what George was counting one.

"Hello, I'm your neighbor, George King." George held out a hand.

Vinnie was startled by the similarity of George to the boy in the fuck film he had just been watching—blond, tanned, and handsome. "Uh, hi, I'm Vinnie Trocchia. Uh, what can I do for you?"

George smiled at the sweet shyness of the man. "Well, I have a friend who works at the video store on the avenue, and he keeps track of who rents what, and I'm kinda nervous about this—can I come in a second?"

Vinnie's nervousness had finally made his cock droop, so he nodded, glancing at the neighbors' doors to see who might be listening. "Sure, c'mon in. Would you like a beer?"

He led George down the hall to the living room, and George's eyes ran rapidly up and down the powerful back of this beautiful man. When they got to the living room, Vinnie turned to face George.

"Uh, have a seat. I'll get the beers." Vinnie whisked out to the kitchen, pausing to throw on a pair of jeans and a shirt as he passed his bedroom.

When Vinnie came back with the beers, he found George sitting on the sofa with a cassette by his thigh. He glanced sheepishly at George's golden down-covered legs and the ample bulge under the blond's gym shorts.

"I brought you something I think you might like . . . at least I hope so," George said, pretending to be more nervous than he really was in an attempt to ease Vinnie's obvious trepidation.

Vinnie looked at the cassette, saw the men on the cover, and looked into George's eyes.

George smiled warmly. "I was told, very discreetly by my friend, that you like the same things I like—watching porno videos. I also like jerking off while I watch them. You, too?"

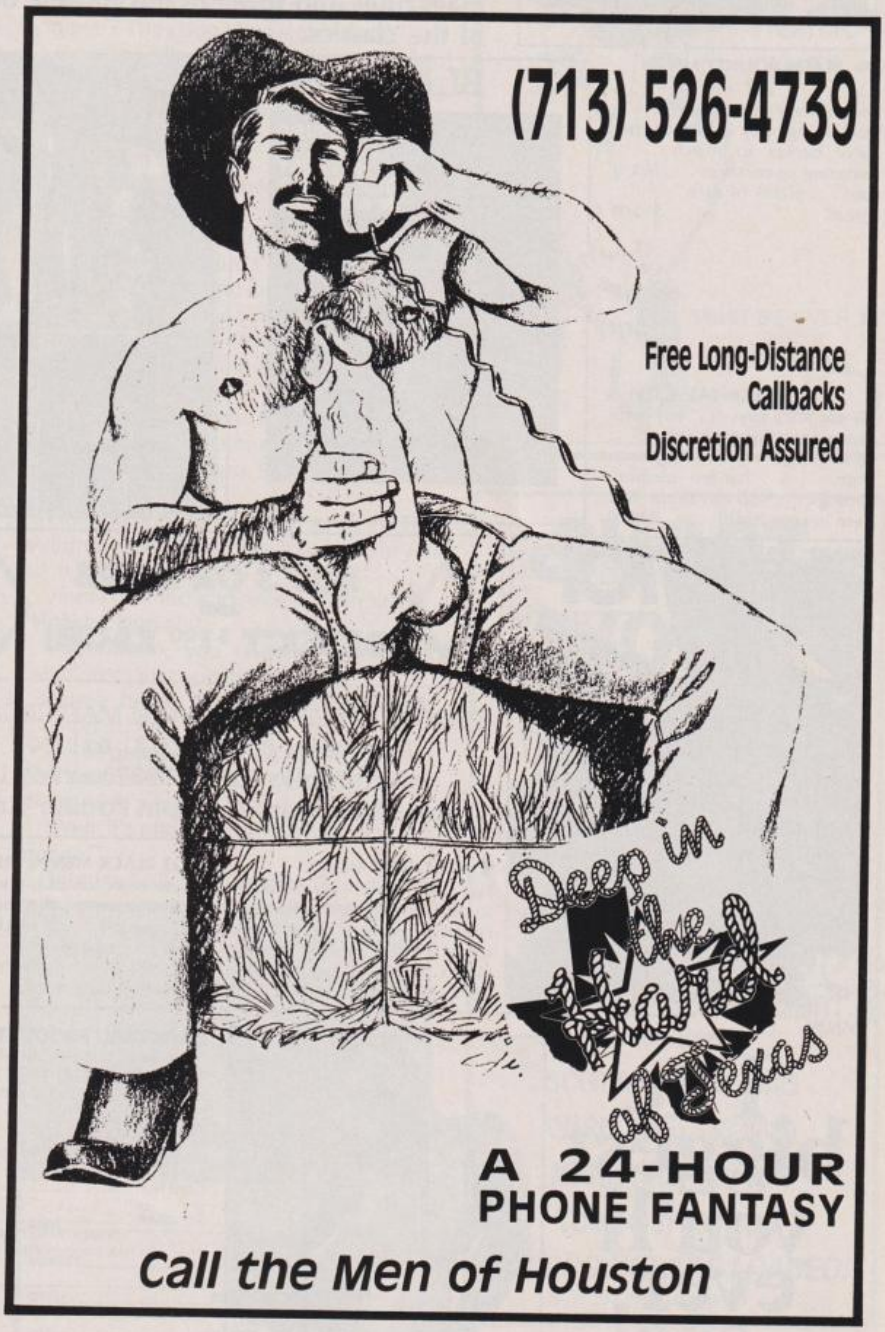
Vinnie's mind was a mass of confusion. "I . . . uh . . . well, sure. Doesn't everyone these days? It's fun. Yeah, I like it." He laughed nervously, but he was beginning to relax a little.

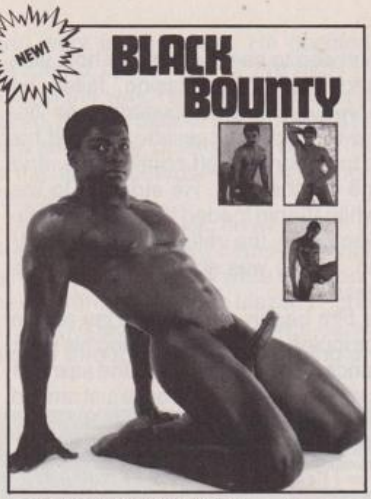
George stood, put the cassette into Vinnie's hands, and softly said, "Let's watch this one. It's just released from Mustang Studios—the one that has all those body-builders, y'know?"

Vinnie didn't know what to say, but George was so warm, so persuasive—and so handsome—that Vinnie agreed.

In the bedroom, George shot a quick glance out the window at his roof deck and was pleased to see that his spy hole was undetectable. If this "mission" failed, he could always go back to voyeurism. As Vinnie unwrapped the cassette, he told his guest to make himself comfortable, and George did just that. He stripped to the skin while Vinnie loaded the VCR. Watching George in the reflection on the TV screen, Vinnie was startled by George's boldness.

The film began, and Vinnie lay on the bed, propping pillows and sipping his beer. He glanced at George's cock and saw that it was starting to swell. George just smiled





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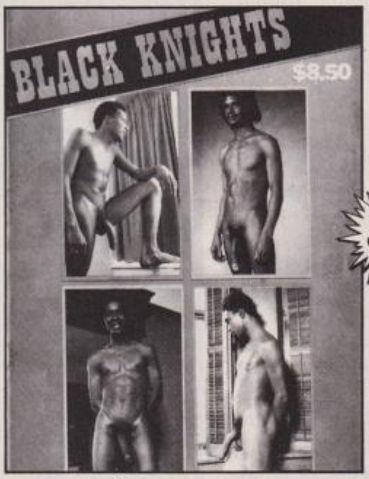

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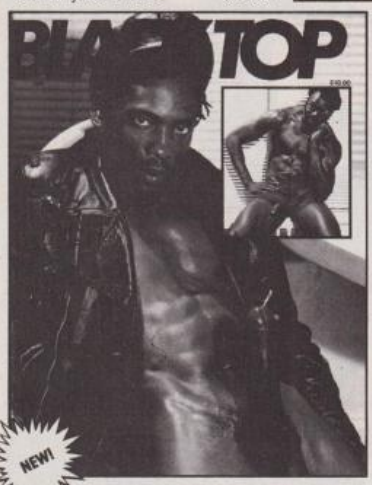

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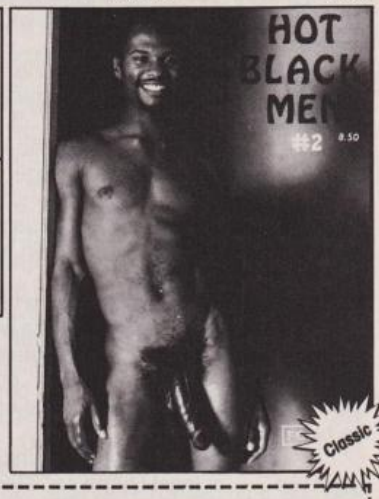

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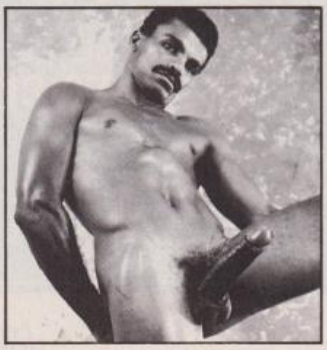

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and watched the set. Vinnie's shyness gripped him like a vise. He had no idea what to do, where to put his hands, where to look except at the screen, or what he should say.

George said softly, "Go ahead. We can both be naked. It'll be fun—and much cooler than that long-sleeve shirt and those long pants."

Vinnie silently undressed, like an obedient child. As soon as he dropped his pants, his salami shot up straight and hard, and his balls swung under his bushy crotch. Shyly, he lay next to George.

From that moment on, they never saw any more of the film. George reached over for Vinnie's roaring hard-on and slid his fingers up and down the shaft. Vinnie closed his eyes, and his long sigh was the sigh of a child. When George's free hand grazed over Vinnie's nipples, the Italian shuddered and opened his eyes.

"Oh, Jeeez, I'm gonna cum," Vinnie gasped.

George stroked Vinnie harder and leaned over to kiss his parted lips. Vinnie gripped the lithe body next to him and shot a huge load all over George's tanned stomach and chest. Vinnie let George's tongue slide into his mouth, and he gasped and sobbed as George kept up the stroking. Vinnie had never come so hard, so fast, nor enjoyed it so much—and he was *still* hard!

George kissed and licked his way down Vinnie's torso. He sucked Vinnie's nipples and nursed them into erection. Vinnie's chest heaved, and he sighed in gratitude for all the attention George was lavishing on him.

"God," Vinnie gasped, "you make me feel so . . . so wanted."

"You *are*," George murmured from the cleft between Vinnie's pecs. "And you'll be wanted by many, many more."

George kissed his way down to Vinnie's cum-soaked crotch and at last took into his mouth the cock that he'd seen erupt so many times from so far away. When Vinnie's cock was sopping with spit, George slipped up and entwined himself in Vinnie's thick arms. Then he slid Vinnie's cock between his ass cheeks and rubbed it against his asshole. Vinnie moaned and clumsily probed between George's cheeks.

"Easy. Very slowly," George instructed. "It hurts a little getting it in. Go slow—and give me more of your wonderful kisses. And when you come, do it *on* me, not *in* me. I didn't bring safes. I wasn't expecting this. Easy now. Oh, that's so good. Slide it all the way into me. God, you're so fuckin' *big*!"

Vinnie was afraid he was hurting George, but George assured him that he wasn't. They rocked together, Vinnie's cock now deep inside George. The architect hadn't felt such tenderness for anyone ever before in his life. This great big man had an even bigger heart. George wrapped himself around Vinnie and surrendered to his desire, and to his desire to please.

Suddenly Vinnie was about to come again. "Oh, God, here it—ohhhh!"

He pulled out and shot his load all over George's belly. George shot, too, after a few quick strokes. Then they lay entwined, their breathing loud and intense, until they heard a door opening and quickly pulled apart.

Vinnie looked terrified. "How will I get you out of here without my roommates seeing you? They don't know about me."

George smiled reassuringly and stroked Vinnie's sweaty mane. "And you don't know about them. They're lovers."

"What! They *can't* be. I *know* them—for years. From Canarsie."

"Don't they have queers in Canarsie?" quipped George.

Vinnie started to laugh. "Holy fuck, are you sure? Really sure?"

George smiled and kissed Vinnie's reddened face. "Positive. Two men that good-looking, and there's never a girl with them, and they sleep in the same bed? Think about it."

Vinnie's eyes were huge. "I guess it makes sense. Sometimes when I go to the bathroom I hear noises. But I thought it was the TV."

George grinned "It *was* TV—Two Vultures fucking their brains out while you sit in front of your VCR."

Vinnie grinned and relaxed completely. "Holy fucking shit."

"Yo, Vinnie, you decent?" Carmine called from just outside the door.

Vinnie froze, but George answered, "C'mon in."

Vinnie gasped and tried to unwind from their embrace. Too late. In walked Carmine, wrapped in a towel.

"Well, it's about goddamn time, you big moose."

Carmine walked to the bed. George and

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George reached over for Vinnie's roaring hard-on and slid his fingers up and down the shaft. Vinnie closed his eyes and his long sigh was the sigh of a child. When George's free hand grazed over Vinnie's nipples, the Italian shuddered and opened his eyes. "Oh, Jeez, I'm gonna come," Vinnie gasped.

Vinnie were soaked in sweat and cum, and still sporting hard-ons.

"Gotcherself a doozy, huh? I'm Carmine." He held out his hand and his towel fell—*accidentally.*

"I'm George King. I live across the street. Join us ?"

Vinnie was speechless. His first day of real sex and it was about to turn into a three-way!

Carmine lay on the bed and said, "Sure. Hang those balls in my face, George. Lemme eat 'em."

George squatted over Carmine's gaping mouth and let his balls slide into his throat, and Vinnie slipped his cock into George's slimy innards and started fucking like a steam engine.

"Slow, Baby, slow. Let me get used to you again. You're a *big* fucker."

"He sure is," said Carmine. "We waited a long time for this beauty to blossom."

Vinnie's cock slid into George's ass, and his balls slid over Carmine's forehead. Carmine gobbled both sets of plums and hummed and moaned in delight. He slid a finger between Vinnie's ass cheeks and rubbed his pucker. Vinnie sighed and shoved himself down on Carmine's digit, at the same time burrowing into George's hole.

"Take a break," Carmine said, and abruptly climbed off the bed.

Reluctantly, Vinnie and George pulled apart, and Carmine came back with a box of condoms. As Vinnie put a safe on his cock, George wiped Vinnie's face and curly raven locks, smiling lovingly into his eyes.

"This sure beats the movies," Vinnie whispered.

And then once again the bedroom revelry was interrupted by the sound of the front door opening.

"Hey, Baby, we got a surprise for yah," Carmine shouted toward the hallway.

In walked Sal, still in his greasy gas station jumpsuit. "Well, *all right*!" he exclaimed, then hurried out of his uniform. He climbed onto the bed, crawled between George and Vinnie's legs, and started sucking both their cocks at the same time.

Carmine slipped a safe on George's cock, then greeased his own asshole. George and Vinnie, facing each other on their knees, embraced and kissed. Their kisses transported them to a private domain, and they were almost oblivous to the other two. Slowly Vinnie turned George around so he could slip his cock inside him again. Carmine greased them both up and guided Vinnie's cock into George's asshole. Vinnie held George tenderly this time, sliding his cock in nice and easy. As George lay back, his cock pointed straight out, and Vinnie stroked it for him.

Carmine lay on his back and inched his pulsing ass lips toward George's cock. Sal was squatting over Carmine's face, and Carmine sucked his foreskin. George came out of his reverie with Vinnie just long enough to spear Carmine's ass in one swift lunge. Sal's meat was waving in the air over Carmine's face. George bent forward at the waist, careful to keep his cock inside Carmine, and started to suck on Sal.

It occurred to George that he was in the middle of four cocks that felt like one long, serpentine organ binding them all together. Vinnie's donkey dong began the chain as it slid up George's asshole. George's cock linked into Carmine's ass. Carmine's cock throbbed in George's hand. And George sucked on Sal's flesh club. George was overwhelmed with the concept and the reality of getting fucked, fucking, sucking, and beating off a cock all at the same time!

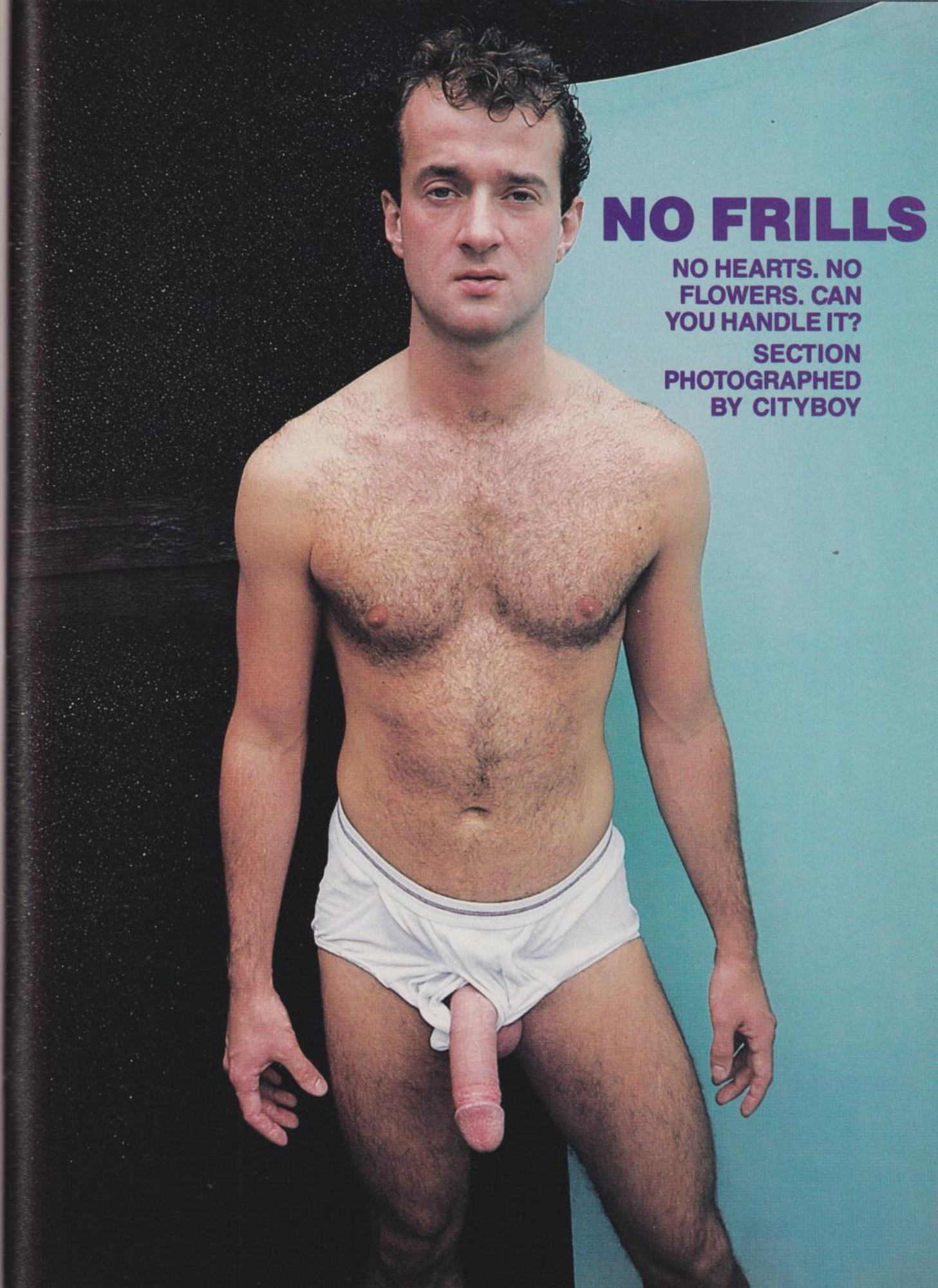
Vinnie came first, plowing deep into George. Vinnie's cock hit so deep it struck George's prostate, and the architect erupted inside Carmine. George kept sucking on Sal's cock; then, just in time, he pulled his mouth off, and Sal yelled and unloaded on Carmine's tits. That sent Carmine to the edge. Carmine shot his load on himself, his juice blending with his lover's

They all collapsed in a scummy heap on the bed. Finally, Carmine and Sal got up and went to their bathroom to shower and go to bed. Vinnie took George into his shower, and they kissed under the cleansing stream of water. After the shower, Vinnie wrapped George in one of his enormous bath robes and put one on himself, then carried George to the bedroom. He lowered George into a chair, undid the front of his robe, and kissed George's body from his neck to his knees, then started changing the bed linens.

George hugged tight to Vinnie as the Italian hunk lifted him onto the bed. Vinnie kissed George, then undressed and covered his lover with the sheet and blanket.

His *lover.* "Yes," thought Vinnie, "I think that's what's gonna happen, if I play my cards right."

George, as he drifted off to sleep, thought back on how he had plotted and schemed to be where he was right now. "The best laid plans," he thought—"sometimes they work out." ■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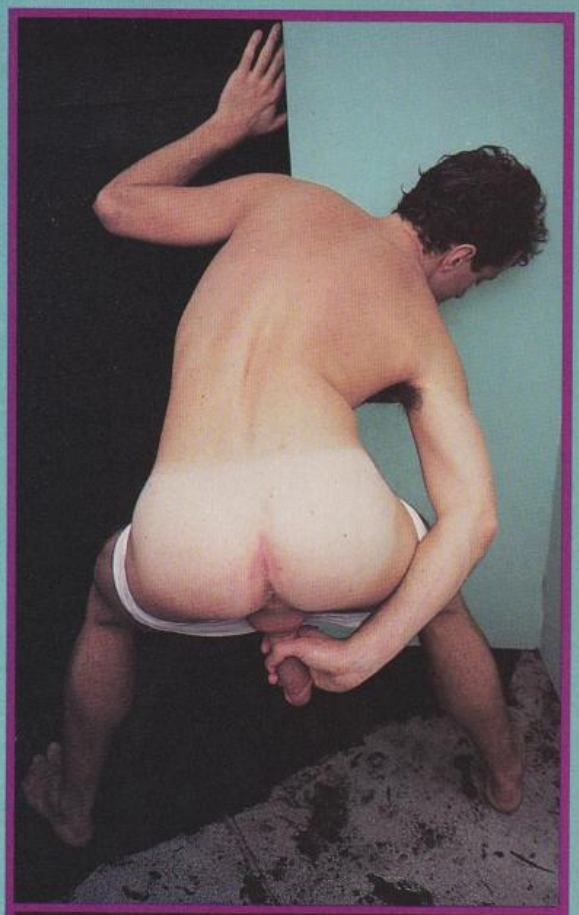

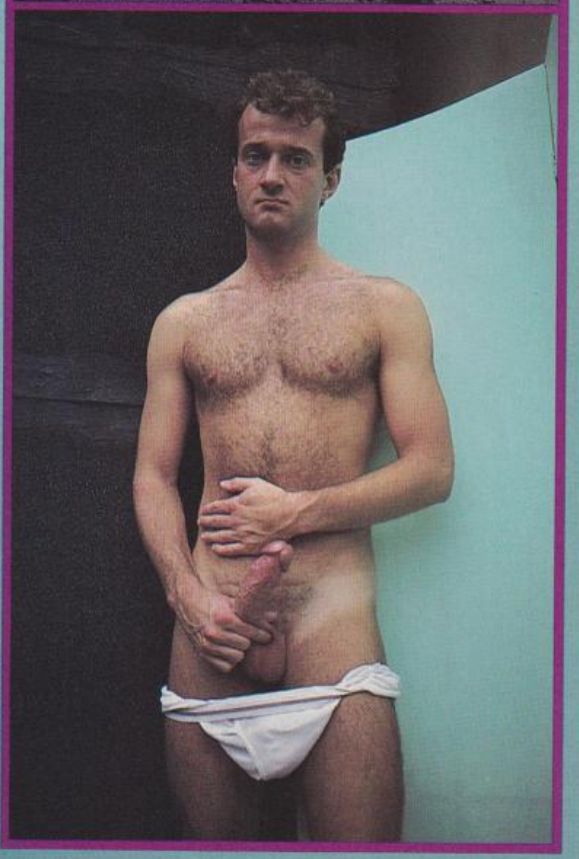

NO FRILLS

NO FRILLS

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MAN-TO-MAN CONNECTIONS.

Going Down...Underground

Continued from page 21

up his ass.

Still not ready to quit, I again straddled the fake cop and took Paul's prick in my mouth, even though my jaw was beginning to ache from overuse. Paul was bouncing up and down on the man's dick and trying to face-fuck me at the same time. His dick tasted great and smelled even better. Mike was pulling on his meat, and the cop was still fucking my ex-roommate with his tongue.

Suddenly Mike pulled his ass off the guy's face and shoved his cock down the guy's throat, shouting, "Take my load, fuckface! Take it all!"

The minute Mike started shooting, Paul squirted his load in my mouth, the cum overflowing and running down my chin. His thrusts matched the rhythm of the fake cop's prick pounding deep in his gut. Below me, the fake cop, with Mike's dick still in his mouth, shook and spasmed as he unloaded into Paul's asshole.

With a long sigh, Paul pulled off the fake cop's still-hard prick and I took over, squeezing and kneading it. It was at least eight inches and it felt as big around as a beer can. Paul sat next to the guy, on the cement, and Mike had resumed his position on the guy's face.

I took the guy's smelly, cum-dripping dick in my hand, moved into position, and tried to force his meat up my ass. At first it seemed impossible. I've had a lot of dicks up my ass—including some pretty big ones—but nothing like that one. But finally my sphincter gave way and I relaxed onto the guy's monster cock. I worked on my dick for a minute with my hand as I impaled myself deeper and deeper. In a few seconds I was shooting all over the guy's chest.

Mike had finally given up trying to come again and was sitting next to Paul on the floor, the two of them feeling around for their clothes, which they soon found. Meantime, the fake cop was breathing hard and bucking underneath me, his dick still pounding my ass. I tightened up as much as I could to give him good resistance, and in a couple more seconds he shot his second load. As soon as he stopped panting, I got off him. I felt like somebody had driven a truck through me. I felt great.

"Where are the keys to these things?" I asked, unable to find the keys to the handcuffs anywhere on the guy's uniform.

"Don't have any. I never expected to use them," he answered sheepishly.

"Well, maybe this will do," I said, pulling my own cuff key from my keyring. I spat on it and shoved it up his butthole. "You'll have to talk the next guys that wander in here into helping you find it. I'm sure they'll be willing, Officer."

Paul and Mike and I, smiling and well-fucked, walked out of the passage and slammed the door. We let the guy sweat maybe five minutes, then went back in, fished the key out of his asshole, unlocked his cuffs and sent him on his way.

Best fantasy he ever lived through, I have no doubt. ■

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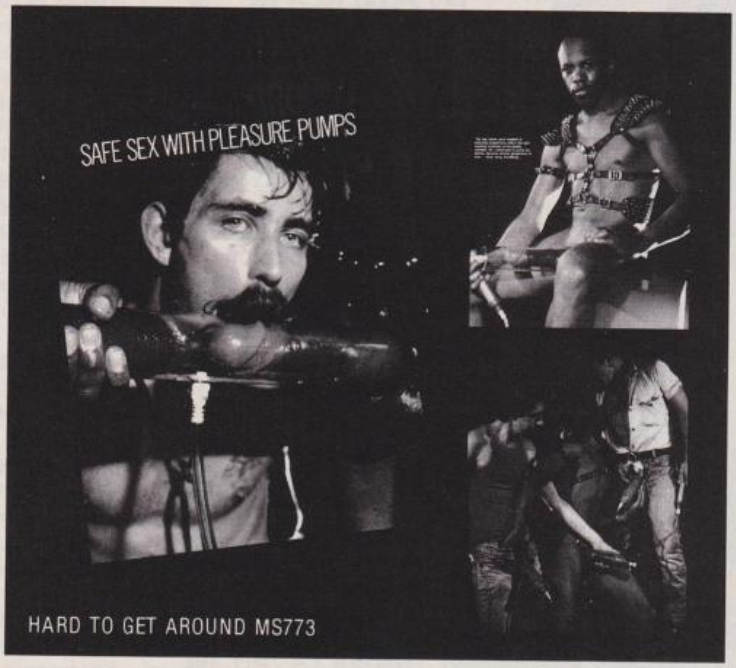

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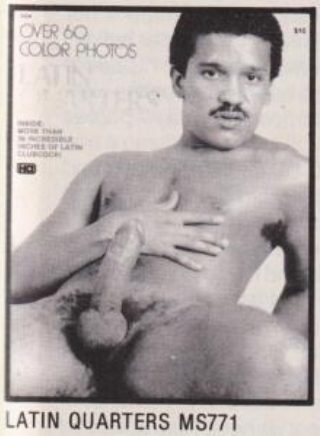

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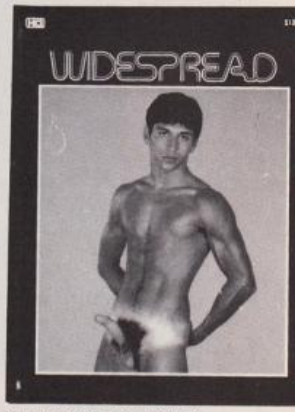

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Settling An Old Score

Continued from page 53

down with a wife and rug rats. I'm free, hot, and over twenty-one. One pussy ain't enough. I'm a born pussy hound." He threw his head back and laughed, his brown eyes crinkling.

"Where you livin'?"

"Down in Tampa, Florida. Not a bad city. I'm doin' construction work. On vacation and wanted to see my dad. He's gettin' up in years and ain't feelin' too good."

"Yeah, I heard. I sure didn't think I'd ever see you back in this asshole town again."

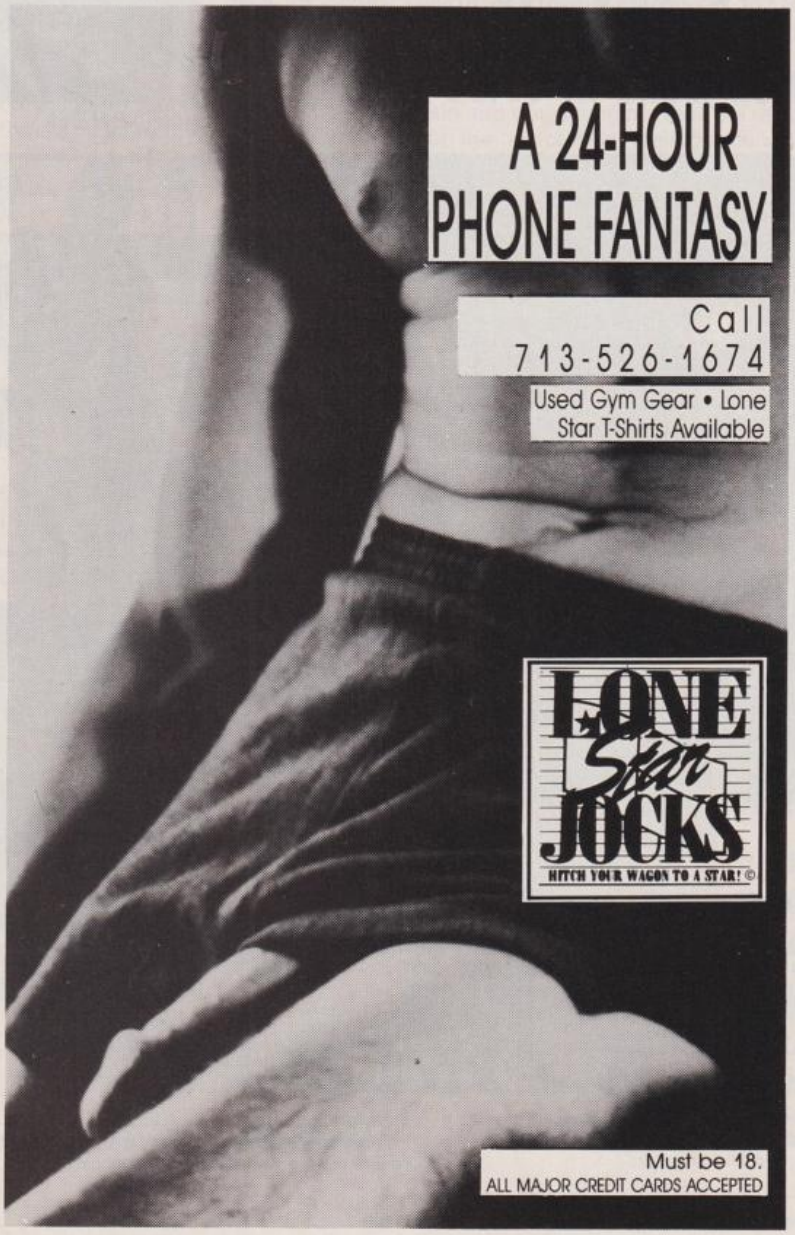
"Hey, kid, it ain't too bad. I kinda miss these hills sometimes. Damn, it's so fuckin' green here. A different kind of green than I see in Florida. I like the beach, though. And there's lots of pussy." He winked. "I need to water my lily." He stood clutching his dick as if to stem the flow.

"Around the left side of the station. Go on, I'll bring the key."

"Okay, but hurry. I gotta go bad."

He ran around the station and I ran into the office to get the key. Zicklefuse had started locking the john when he discovered Rita Lee Hammer and four high-school guys having a gang bang one Saturday night. Rita Lee was the Baptist minister's wife. After the scandal, she left town with a truck driver headed in the direction of New York City.

I rushed to the restroom. Steve was dancing around with his zipper pulled all the way down, squeezing his cock. I tried not to stare, but Steve's cock had become a legend in these parts.



"Too late, kid." Right out in the open he let go right up the side of Mr. Zicklefuse's newly painted white wall. "Ah man, there's nothin' like the relief of a good pee."

He tilted his pelvis forward, his head back, and held the fabled dick tenderly in his fist. He finished and shook it off, then took a red bandana from his hip pocket and carefully wiped the head of his dick, drawing his foreskin back and wiping all around. It was the most exciting thing I'd ever seen. I wished I had a foreskin to play with. I'd take care of it just the way Steve did. I'd keep it clean and play with it a lot.

"Man, did that feel good." Steve put his cock back in his Levi's and arched his ass as he zipped up. He still didn't wear underwear.

Zicklefuse drove up to the station but didn't notice the pee on his wall, which was already staining the white paint a light yellow.

Steve gripped my shoulder. "That lake up at Storm Mountain still fit to swim in? I sure miss that place. I spent a helluva lot of pussy time up there. Kinda like to see that lake for old time's sake."

I told Steve it was still unpolluted water. Grown up a lot and kind of hard to get to but still isolated and private. I didn't tell him I spent a lot of time up there swimming and jerking off.

"Great. How about drivin' me up there tomorrow, or do you have to work?"

"I only work on weekdays. I'll pick you up around noon, okay?"

"Yeah, sure. I'll bring the beer."

Steve went into the office to talk to Zicklefuse, and I went into the restroom to jack off.

On Sunday I drove out to pick Steve up at his dad's farm. He was standing by the road leaning up against the mail box with a wash tub at his feet filled with ice and cans of beer. Even though it was a hot afternoon, he still wore his leather jacket. One hand was shoved deep into his Levi's pocket. I could see he was playing the well-known game that most men play—pocket pool.

After putting the iced beer in the back, he jumped into the cab of the truck. He had brought two cans with him, and he popped them and handed me one. His long legs were spread wide and his cock was soft but still bulged down his left inseam.

We cruised down the highway until, about eight miles from the farmhouse, I turned off onto the dirt road and started up the side of Storm Mountain to the lake.

"Damn, it's great up here. Real quiet and peaceful. Not like the city. I even miss the smell. All these pine trees."

Steve told me about Florida, and I could tell he didn't like it much. "Too much damned sand," he said. "I miss snow. Never thought I would, but damned if I don't. If it wasn't for all the hot pussy in

Steve was my hero; he was wild, free, and a certified stud. In other words, he was everything I wasn't. My sister used to go out with Steve, but she'd never put out for him. She was a bigger fool than I thought. I'd have given anything to suck Steve off, to feel his cock fill my ass, and to drink his creamy load. Steve broke up with my sister and left town; he didn't come back for four years. He was still as sexy as ever, and I, being a little wiser, figured I just might have a chance to get into his tightly-packed pants.

Florida, I'd move back here and live on this mountain." He started to laugh. "Know what I like most about Southern girls?" A leer spread across his handsome face. "They talk real slow. By the time they say yes or no, you've already slipped the ol' banana to 'em." He laughed at his own joke and slapped his thigh. "But I'll tell ya, Tom, it's hell screwin' on the beach. That sand can be downright painful. Hey," he yelled, "pull up here."

We were at an old graveyard. No one ever came up here anymore, and it was all overgrown. Steve sat there looking at the place and smiling.

"See that big oak tree over yonder? I got my first piece of ass against that tree." He rubbed his crotch slightly. "Violet wasn't what you'd call pretty, but man, what a body! Tits like cement, soft pink nipples, and a pussy as soft as liquid velvet. Had a bad rep at school. The girls wouldn't have nothin' to do with Ol' Violet 'cause they knew she put out. Believe me, I sure wasn't the first to pop her cherry, but she was the first to pop mine."

Steve was still rubbing his cock, and it was as hard as one of the limbs on the tree. "Ol' Violet gave me my first blow job, right against that tree. She was the first girl to tell me my cock was beautiful. Yeah, that's the word she used: beautiful. The minute she put her lips over my cockhead I almost passed out. I was shakin' all over and so hot I came in four or five slides. But my dick just stayed up. I thought maybe after that it wouldn't ever go soft again. I loved that blow-job so much. Then Ol' Violet pressed up against me, took my cock in her hand, and guided it into her pussy. I fucked her four times in less than two hours, until I was as weak as a newborn kitten and limp as a wet noodle."

Thumping me on the back, the spell now broken, he said to me, "A man never forgets his first piece of ass, huh, Tom?"

I mumbled, "Yeah," and started the truck. How could I tell a pussy hound like Steve Miller that I'd never had any interest in pussy? That I fantasized about the locker room jocks and him when I beat off? How could I tell him that I'd give almost anything in the world to suck his cock? The only sexual experience I'd ever had was with a high-school football player who made me suck his cock one night when he was drunk and told me he'd kill me if I told anyone. After that I knew that as bad as the experience was, I loved cock. All he had to do was grab his crotch and I came running. One telephone call from him and I'd sneak out of the house to blow him behind our barn. He could come twice in less than thirty minutes, and I was addicted to drinking it.

I finally hit the high ridge of the mountain. Steve leaned out the window and said, "Damn, this is all the paradise I'll ever need."

We jumped out of the truck and brought the beer to the edge of the lake. "Let's go swimming the way men should—bare-ass," Steve said.

I slowly stripped off my clothes, praying I didn't spring a boner. Steve quickly threw aside his leather jacket, then stood on one foot at a time to remove his old harness boots and socks, and I could see his asshole as he bent over to pull off his pants.

He stood spread-legged and looked out over the lake. "Of all the things I'd like to be, I'd like to be a duck and swim around the river bank and watch the people fuck," he sang.

He yelled like a wild Indian, ran to the bank, and made a hell of a splash as he belly-flopped into the green-gray water, whooping and laughing. I thought Steve Miller was the most beautiful man in the world, and as I joined him in the lake, I wished with all my heart that my name was Violet.

After a few minutes, we crawled out of the water and threw ourselves onto the grass. Steve's wet hair hung over his forehead, and water sparkled on his thick eyelashes and the hair of his crotch like tiny diamonds. He lay on his back, his hands under his head, his chest heaving from the hard swimming, his cock hanging down so that the head touched the grass.

"Wanna beer, Steve?"

"You're readin' my mind, Tom. Yeah, a brew."

We sat drinking the beer. I stared at Steve's handsome face and perfect body, memorizing every feature, line, muscle, and hair.

"You know, Tom, this day would be perfect if we just had Ol' Violet with us." He turned his head toward me, smiled, and wiggled his eyebrows up and down.

"I'll be Violet, Steve." I held my breath. I was so filled with love and lust for Steve that I didn't much care what he did to me, as long as he did something.

"You know, Tom, this day would be perfect if we just had Violet with us," he said, referring to the town slut who'd given Steve his first blow-job. "I'll be Violet," I volunteered. Steve looked me up and down from head to toe. My stomach knotted. I wanted to run and hide someplace; I wanted to melt into the ground. "You need it bad, don't you." It wasn't a question and it wasn't an accusation. "Well then . . . " He smiled and spread his legs.

He looked me up and down from head to toe, not smiling. My stomach knotted. I wanted to run and hide someplace. I wanted to melt into the ground. I heard the caw-caw of a hawk circling over our heads. Finally I heard Steve's words, but I swear I didn't see his mouth move.

"You need it bad, don't you, Tom." It wasn't a question. And it wasn't an accusation. Under half-closed eyelids, his look was soft now.

I nodded my head. I thought my heart would burst, I was so damned afraid.

"Well, then . . ." He smiled and spread his legs, placed the beer can on the ground, and leaned backwards, almost in slow motion. "I always loved red-gold hair. Let's see how it looks from up here."

I moved closer to his crotch and placed my hand on his cock. Slowly I lowered my head. As I took the beautiful head between my lips, pushing the foreskin back and licking under the rim, Steve played with my hair.

"No need to hurry, Tom. Do it slow. Take your time. We got all day."

I'll never forget the look of pleasure on Steve's face as I looked up his long, hard body. He turned his head slowly from side to side and moaned softly. I took my time. I would find a particularly sensitive spot, and he would mumble, "Yeah, yeah, right there," and I would linger, then move on to find another. He would groan, gently lift his hips, and then relax, all the time playing with my hair, instructing me with the pressure of his fingers.

His cock was like steel, but with a spit-slicked, silken skin. I toyed with the foreskin, pulling it back, then drawing it closed with my lips. Steve loved that. I inched slowly down the cockshaft until it hit the back of my throat.

Steve drew a long hiss through his teeth, then very carefully turned onto his side. Holding my head in his hands, he slow-fucked my mouth. I moved my hands to his ass and guided him deeper into my throat. I let him know I wanted him to fuck my mouth hard, and he picked up the cue and started to moan louder as he fucked faster and faster.

We were both covered in sweat, and Steve was starting to pant, his body tight as a whip cord. He tensed. I heard him yell, and his cum flooded my mouth and throat. He threw his body over mine, pinning me under him, his arms holding him away from the ground as his cock rammed further into my throat, his balls pressed against my chin. He started to fuck again, hard jackhammer thrusts, as his cum continued to gush into me.

I held his ass tightly as long as I could, then gave a sign that I had to breathe. He rolled onto his back, still holding my head between his legs and moaning. I moved slowly up the long shaft and bathed his over-stimulated cockhead with the tip of my tongue. "Wanna move to Florida with me?" Steve asked softly. "You make me feel like a big Tom Cat."

We both smiled. Then he ruffled my hair.

We spent the rest of the day talking and drinking the cold beer. I couldn't keep my hands off him, and he let me touch him everywhere. At one time he was on his belly, and I ran my tongue all over his back, down his legs, and sucked his toes. I came back up to feast on his asshole.

"Spread 'em, man. Get in and lick it. Oh, yeah."

I teased and licked and was rewarded with a second load of cum an hour later.

After sunset we started down the mountain. As I drove by the old graveyard, Steve said, "Stop." He got out of the truck and motioned me to follow. When I got to him he was standing against the old oak tree with his pants down. I fell to my knees, and Steve started fucking my mouth, all the time moaning as he leaned against the tree. He came quickly.

No more than twenty minutes later, he placed me against the tree and entered me from behind, gently at first. After I'd relaxed and the pain had subsided, he fucked hard just as I knew he had fucked ol' Violet. He held me around the chest and lower belly as if I might escape. It took a long time for him to reach climax, and I was half crazy. He speeded up his fucking, his belly slapping against my lower back, his balls swinging almost painfully against mine.

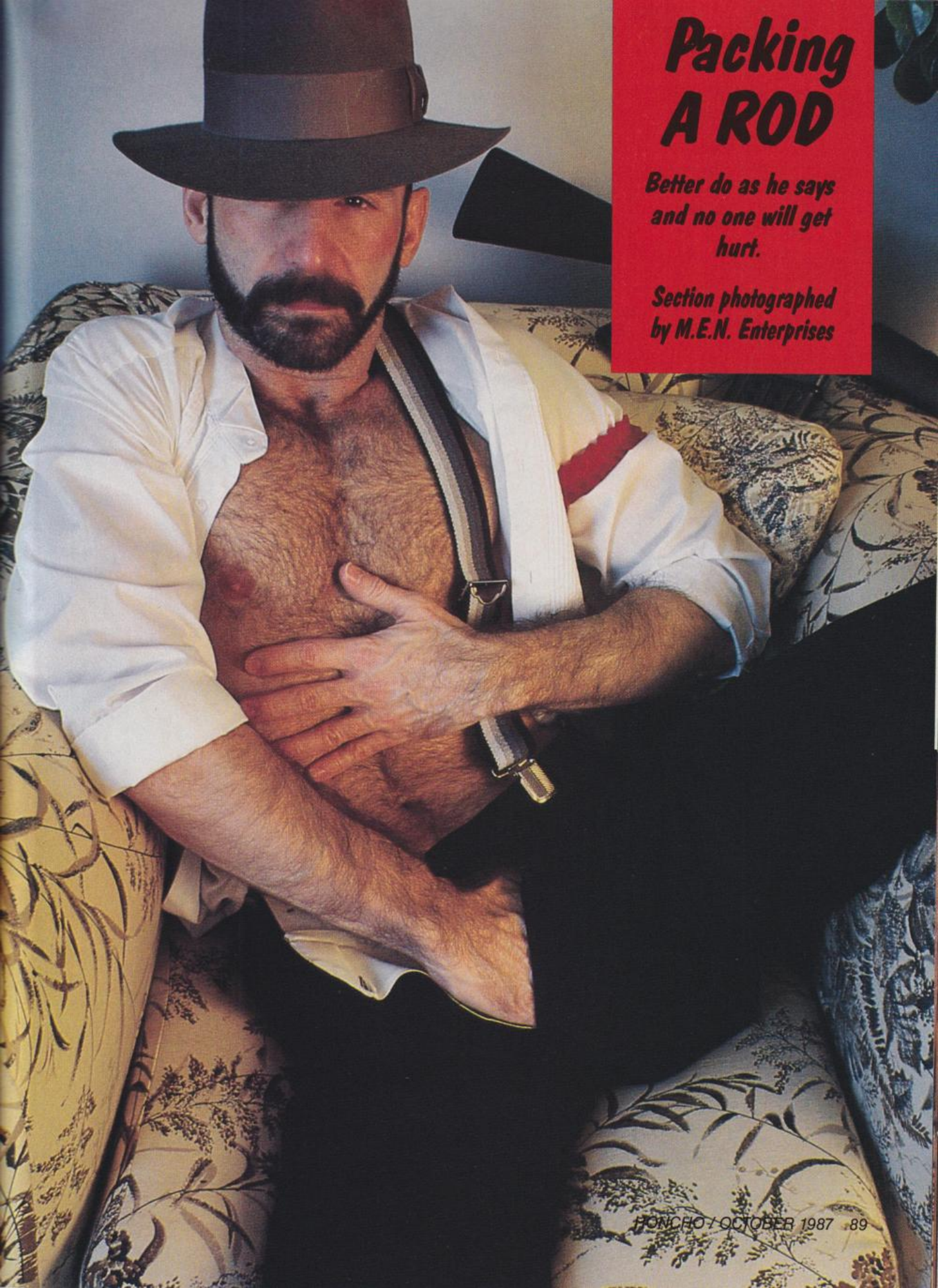
"Go ahead, Tom, scream if you want to," he panted.

The harder he fucked the closer to climax I came. My cock was on fire. When I tried to touch it, Steve pushed my hand away. "Let my cock make you come."

I gave in to the sensations, and as I started to come I screamed. Steve bit the side of my neck and exploded into me. I screamed and screamed and screamed.

Later, after we'd calmed down and got dressed, Steve turned to me and said, "I wouldn't miss this place anymore if I could take a piece of it back to Florida."

Steve doesn't miss the place anymore. ■



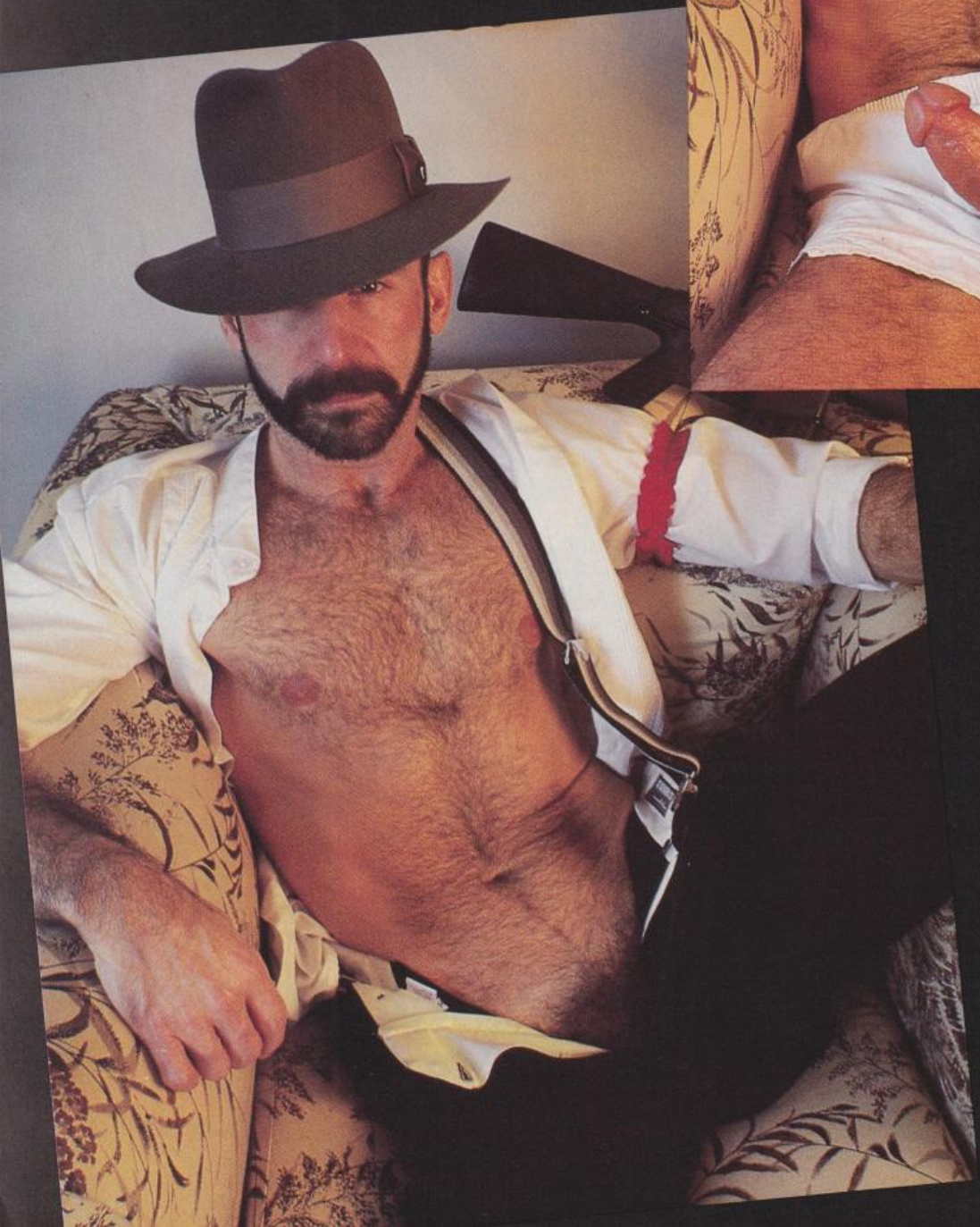
Packing A ROD

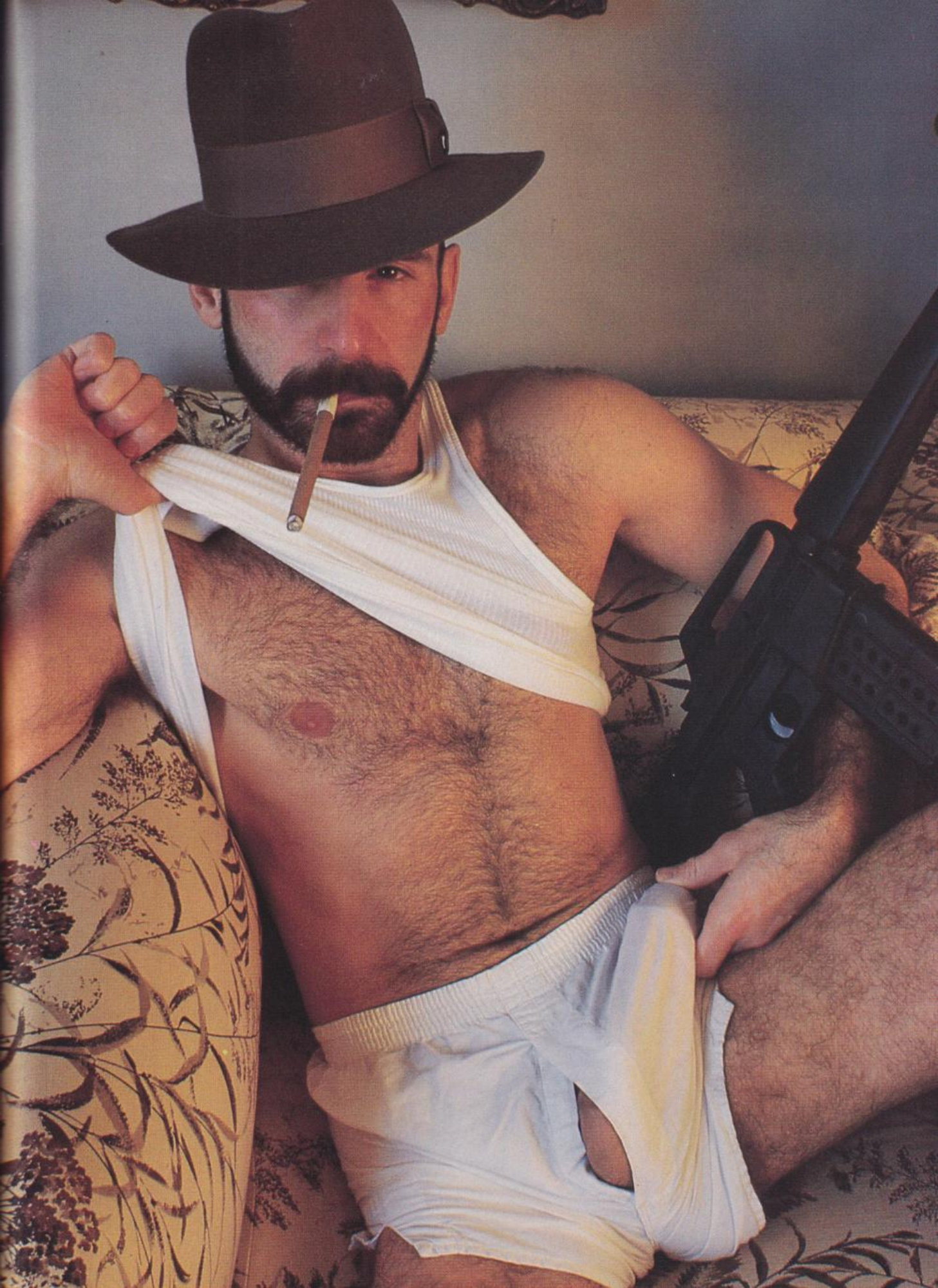
Better do as he says and no one will get hurt.

Section photographed by M.E.N. Enterprises

Packing A ROD

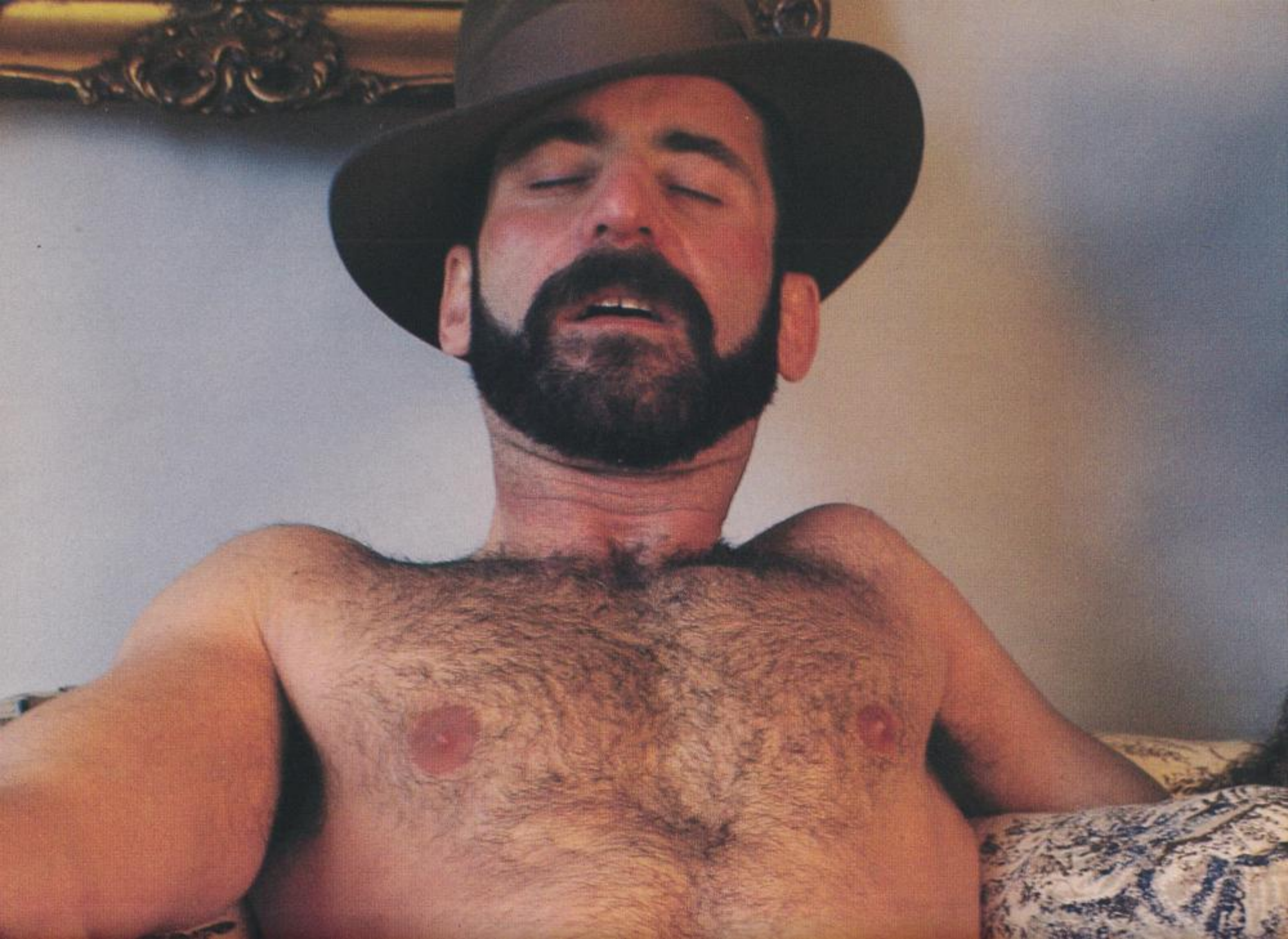
The boss wouldn't like it if ya' was to say no.



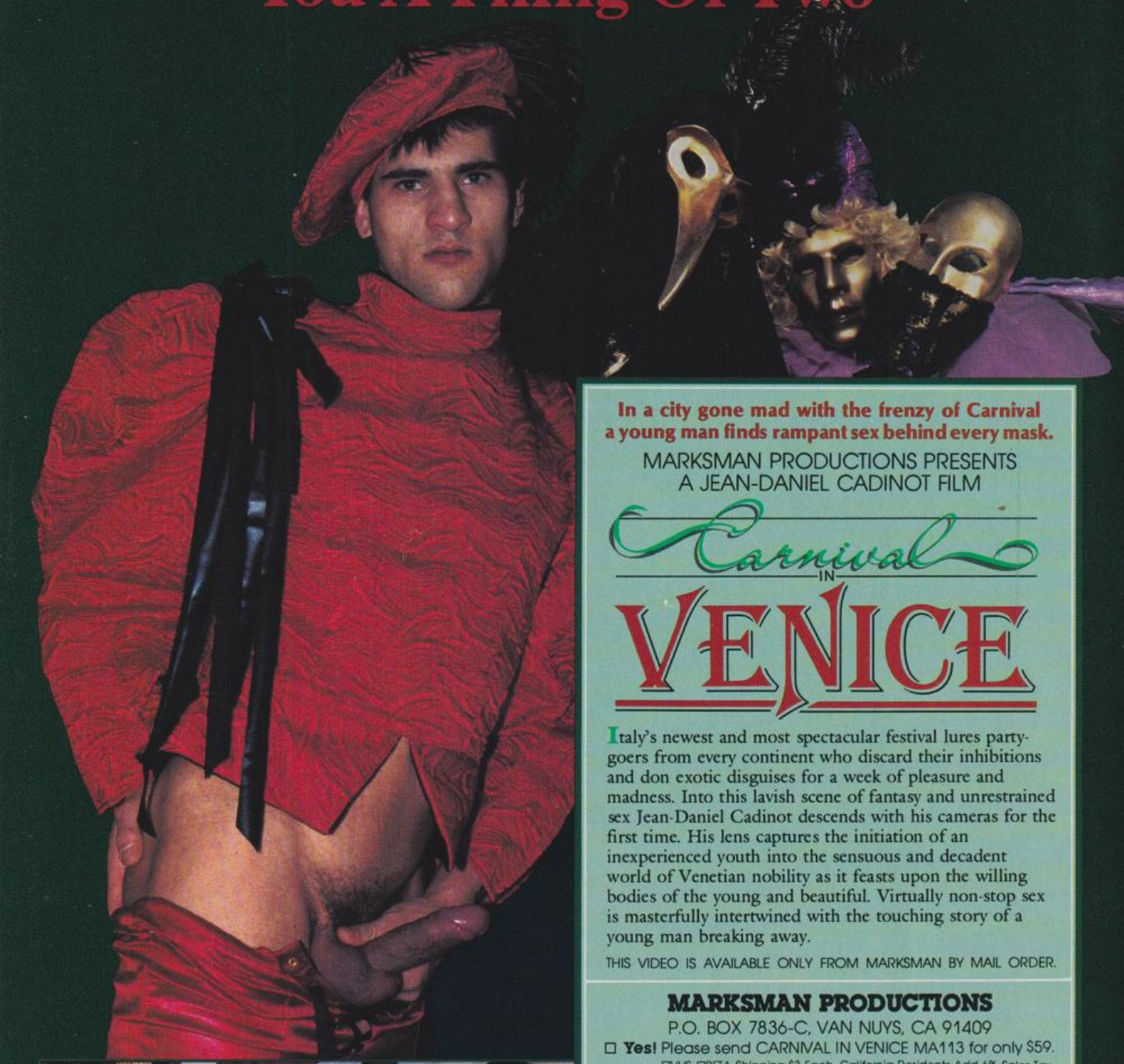


Packing A ROD

Dat's more like it. After all he is one of the good guys.



The Italians Want To Show You A Thing Or Two



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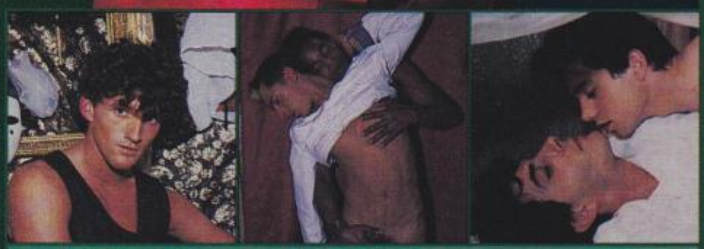

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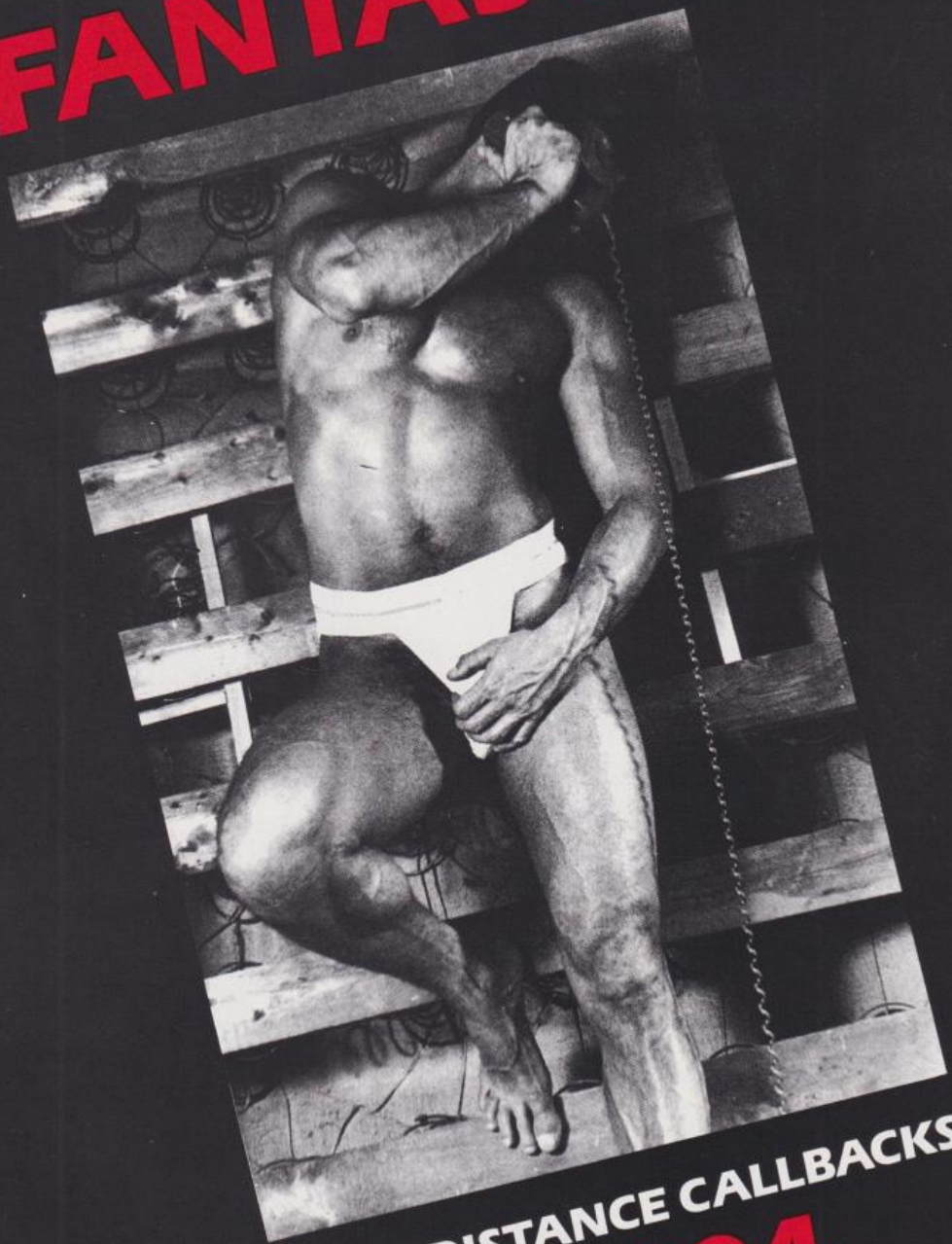

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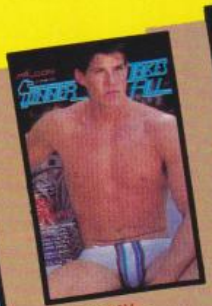

WINNER TAKES ALL. FVP#34–Another Falcon Classic featuring handsome Bill Henson in his Farewell Appearance, with Lee "Huge" Ryder, Rod Phillips, Mark Hunter, Randy Page, Aaron Gage and "The Biggest Cock in San Francisco" Scott O'Hara.

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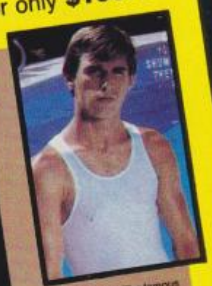

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